THE OLD TROOP: OR, Monsieur Raggou.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

By *John Lacy*, Gent.

LONDON;

Printed for *William Crook* and *Thomas Dring*, at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-Bar*, and at the *White-Lyon* next *Chancery-Lane* end in *Fleetstreet*. 1672.

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TO

The young PRINCE GEORGE,

Third Son to her GRACE,

THE

Dutchess of CLEVELAND.

SIR,

I Acknowledge, that I am no less unworthy to appear before you, than I was before your Elder Brother, having in me the same duty and reverence for your high Blood, and the same equal regard for your Person: Yet I come with confidence to you; for having found so affable and sweet a Reception from your dear Brother, I ought not at all to doubt of yours: since his Great Blood runs in your veins, you must also retain his Vertues; and in you they are justly called so, yet they are not so in all men; for if slaves, and servants, and meaner men, prove affable and humble, it is not Vertue in them, because it is their duty: but in you, being adorned with all your Greatness, it shews so rich a Goodness in you, that all men are oblig'd to return you honour for it, which I do with my heart, and all my faculties. I also present you, Sir,

with a poor French-man, Monsieur Raggou, *being party perpale Trooper, and Cook: I tender him to you in his own Equipage just as he landed, with not so much as a shirt to his back: But that is no new thing to the English Nation; therefore, Sir, receive him as an object to exercise your Charity upon; being naked cloath him; let him but wear your Livery, and he will not only be received, but be made welcome to all men: Lay your protecting hand upon him, and he is safe from the malice of his Enemies: And, Sir, as I am bound, so I pray, that you may want no one Vertue that may make you up a Miracle: May your Great Bloud appoint you to cut your own fortune out, and may you do it with such success and valour, that all men of courage may honour you, and the rest of the World fear you.*

I

And this, Sir, shall always be the prayer of your obliged and most obedient Servant,

John Lacy.

THE EPISTLE To the READER.

EPistles ('tis true) are customary, but I think as unnecessary as Funeral Sermons, for they must either insinuate and flatter grossly, or else say nothing to the purpose: For my part I cannot imagine, Reader, what to say to thee, unless like a raw Preacher I swerve from my Text; and instead of a modest Apology for my bold printings, tell thee a Tale of *Maestricht* being taken, or the Dutch bang'd at Sea; and to do that were to rob the *Gazette*, and so be call'd in question for Intrenchments. What then shall I say? shall I praise my Play to thee? No, that were to be a vain glorious Ass; and in thy power, Reader, to prove me so: What then, shall I decry it? No, that were to break the Stationer, that perhaps has paid too dear for it: What then, shall I discover the Plot and Intrigue of the Play to thee? No, to speak of the Plot in the Epistle, were to fore-stall the

the reading of the Play, and so damn the sail of it. Instead then of an ingenious Epistle to divert, I beg a crafty Boon, Reader, that some one eminent leading Voice amongst you, will be for once so kind, as to give an excellent Character to the World of this my Play; and by that decoy people may be drawn in to buy it off: so that, as I have cozen'd the Stationer, by this means the Stationer may over-reach you; and in so doing, Reader, you will

Most highly oblige

Your humble servant,

John Lacy.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

TO you that Judges are i'th' publick ſtreet,
Of Ballad without ſence, or even feet;
To you that laugh aloud with wide mouth'd grace,
To ſee Jack Puddings *Cuſtard thrown in's face,*
To you I do addreſs; for you I write,
From you I hope protection here to night.
Defend me, O friends, of th' upper Region,
From the hard cenſure of this lower Legion.
I was in hope, that I ſhould only ſee,
My worthy Crew of th' upper Gallerie.
What made you Wits ſo ſpightfully to come?
To tell you true, I'd rather had your room:
Order there was, and that moſt ſtrictly gi'n
To keep out all that look'd like Gentlemen;
You have e'en brib'd the Door-keepers I doubt,
Or elſe I'm ſure they would ha' kept you out:
You muſt, nor cenſure Poet, nor his Play,
For that's the work o'th' upper houſe to day.
Deal you, Sirs, with your Match, your Dryden *wits,*
Your Poet Laureat both to Box and Pit;
It is ſome conqueſt for to cenſure him
That's fill'd with Wit, and Judgement to the brim:
He's for your cenſure, and I'm for theirs,
Pray therefore meddle with your own affairs.
Let Wits, and Poets, keep their own ſtations;
He writes to th' Tearms, and I to th' long Vacations.

The

The Persons Names.

CAptain
Lieutenant } of the Troop.
Cornet
Tom Tell-troth.
Raggon.
Flay-flint, Plunder-master General.
Captain *Ferret-farm.*
Quarter-master *Burn-dorp.*
Biddy, the Cornets Boy.
Dol Troop.
Troopers.
Constables.
Painter.
Carpenter.
Servants.
Women and Children in abundance.

Round-heads.

GOvernour of a Garrison.
Captain *Hold-forth.*
Captain *Tub-text* and his two Holy Sisters.

AN

AN OLD TROOP: OR, Monſieur Raggou.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Tell-troth *and* Dol Troop.

Dol. I Have heard your ſtory, and much pitie you; but, in truth, I am a wicked, very wicked woman: for I never did one good deed in all my life; and I doubt you're unluckie, that your fate directs you to me.

Tell. I find you have opportunity to do good, and will to ſerve me; and for reward, if that——

Dol. Nay, y'are liberal enough, you underſtand the world; for money creates good and evil: and I, that never thought of doing good, will now heartily endeavour it. Go to my

quarters, for I have a great deal of roguery to act for my self, besides the good I am to do for you.

Tell. Inquire all you can into the last thing you spoke of, for I confess that troubles me: if she proves but honest, I'l forgive her wildness.

Dol. I'l do it, with all the craft I can. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lieutenant, Flea-flint, Ferret, *and* Burndorp.

Flea. Good morrow, good morrow Lieutenant.

Lieut. Precious Rogues! what brave Honours and Titles you have arriv'd at in the Wars, Rascals! Plunder-master General *Flea-flint!* what Prince can give thee so great a Title? a great credit for my Colonel, Rogue. Then, here's Captain *Ferret-farm,* an honourable Gentleman; for always, when we are fighting, you are ferreting the Farms, and searching the women for Letters of intelligence, you damn'd Rogue. Then, here's the Quarter-master *Burndorp,* a Rogue that, when we have brave large quarters assign'd, you sell half of 'em, and then truss us up nine or ten in one house together. A pox on you, Rascal.

Burn. But why are you thus cruel, Lieutenant?

Lieut. Hang you dogs; did not I know you at first to be three tatter'd Musquetiers, and by plundering a Mault-mill of three blind horses, you then turn'd Dragooners, and so quartering in a Farm where a good team was, you chang'd your blind horses for better, and then you commenc'd Troopers at *Oxford,* and when you had plunder'd your selves into good cloaths, you impudently call'd your selves Major, and Captain, and Quarter-master, and then you ran away from your own Troop, and I entertain'd you for Reformado-Officers? you know I know this, and yet, you dull ungrateful rascals, you will not know why I am angry.

Ferret. Why are you angry?

Flea. Why? I'l tell thee why: He wants twenty pounds, and a good gelding, Coxcomb; he must have it too, I know him well enough.

Burn. Is that it? he shall have it, and thank him too. Pray accept of this twenty pound, Lieutenant.

Ferret.

Ferret. And we have a good gelding for you, Lieutenant, as ever you laid leg over.

Lieut. Why ſo? Why will you put me to't to give you ill language? cannot you underſtand me without ſcurvie uſage?

Ferret. I did not underſtand you, by my troth, Lieutenant.

Lieut. Pray underſtand me hereafter. Now are you three as honeſt, harmleſs fellows! how doſt thou do? who dares ſay that thou wilt flea a flint? or he ſearch for Letters in a wenches Placket? or the Quarter-maſter burn a Town? I'll ſet 'em by the heels that ſay it. Honeſt *Robin*, *Tom* and *Dick*, when ſhall we drink a tub of Ale together?

Burn. When you pleaſe, worthy Lieutenant.

Lieut. Get a Tub at one of your quarters, and I'l come to you. And pray underſtand me throughly hereafter: I believe I ſhall be very angry within this week again; therefore pray take care to prevent it. [*Exit.*

Flea. It were a good deed ne'er to plunder more.

Burn. Why, pr'ythee?

Flea. No thriving on't for theſe damn'd Officers. To put Exciſe and Cuſtom upon Plundering! to put *Toll* upon fleaing a Flint! I hold my own quarters to be my lawful Inheritance as much as any mans Land or Office, that is held by old Cuſtom, and Time out of mind.

Ferret. Nay, I hold my quarters to be ſo much my own, that the Wife, the Daughter, and Maid-ſervants, ought to be in my occupation.

Burn. I deny that; for the man of the houſe ought to have his wife himſelf, in caſe he have a daughter to furniſh you. Nay, the ſtrictneſs of the Statute of Plundering ſays, that in caſe he has but barely a Maid-ſervant, you ought not to meddle with his wife, or indeed his daughter.

Flea. I am of the opinion of the Gentleman that ſpoke laſt; for I am (in my own quarter) Lord of the Mannor, and all Wefts and Strays are mine.

Burn. I'l ſay that for thee, a Maid cannot go a milking but thou mak'ſt a Weft or a Stray of her.

Enter Cornet.

Corn. Here's the faithful fraternity, a league of Knaves that's never to be broke. It is a joyful thing when Brethren plunder together in unity. How d'ye, Plunder-master General?

Flea. We have all arriv'd at excellent nick-names; to say truth, according to our several degrees and ways of Plundering: but you, Cornet, have a name that's proper for all Cornets to be call'd by; for they are all Beardless boys in our Army: for the most part of our Horse were rais'd thus, The honest Country Gentleman raises the Troop at his own charge, then he gets a Low-Country Lieutenant to fight his Troop safely, then sends for his son from School to be his Cornet, and he puts off his Childs coat to put on a Buff-coat; and this is the constitution of our Army: So I salute you, Cornet *Beardless*. Thou art call'd *Ferret-farm*, because thou art so terrible valiant amongst the Country-Bumpkins, and *Aspin* because thou shakest and trembl'st in a day of Battel.

Ferret. Whoo pox, this is absolute malice.

Corn. There thou art out; for this is neither malice nor anger, but down-right truth.

Flea. You abuse him i'faith. I have seen him up to the chin in bloud.

Corn. 'Twas in a Saw-pit then: yet when the Armies meet (I'l say that for him) he will draw up as confidently, as if he would take a General by the Beard; and he will as confidently ride out of the Army before the Battel joyns: and if any man ask him whither he goes, he says he is sent for Orders, so you hear of him no more; and the next day you find him as sure in a Saw-pit.

Ferret. Pray let the Saw-pit alone, and provoke me not: good men have done the like; therefore be not too bold with your betters.

Flea. Provoke him not; for he's a Devil at a Sword, though he tremble at a Gun.

Ferret. A Gun, I confess, is as terrible to me as Thunder and Lightning, they're out of my Element. Well, but leave this discourse, and so you do not laugh at me, I'l tell you a story.

Flea.

Flea. What is't?

Ferret. Why, faith our *Dol*'s with child, and lays it to me.

Burn. Pox on her, she was with me this morning, and I compounded with her, for five pound.

Terret. The whore had seven of me, by this light.

Corn. An excellent cunning quean! She knows the family of the *Flea-flints*, are ever the money'd men of a Troop. I'l make use of my time too: give me ten pound to keep counsel, or I'l make you the laughing-stock o'th' Army.

Flea. Thou wilt not turn treacherous Rogue now sure.

Corn. 'Tis no treachery. Shew me a Souldier that will not take advantage.

Flea. I, of the enemy.

Corn. For ten pound any man's my enemy or friend: there's another principle for you, and very fit for the *Flea-flints* to make use of.

Burn. We scorn to compound; but we will lend you so much money, if you will mortgage the next fresh Quarters.

Corn. I'l do't.

Burn. Then there's your ten pound.

Corn. Now are you men of Inheritance, now you have a good title to every mans goods and chattels; and for ten pound more I'l help you to a Lawyer shall plead it, and make it good to you and your Heirs for ever.

Enter Tell-troth.

Tell. God give you good morn, Sirs: I pray you which of you is the Captain Commander?

Flea. Why, friend, we have ne'er a Captain here, he lyes Leiger at *Oxford*, to give the King intelligence when his Troop beats or is beaten.

Corn. There y'are a scandalous rascal: some Captains, I confess, have that trick; but our Captain always fights his Troop himself: but we have a good Lieutenant here, if that will serve your turn.

Burn. I, he's too good for us, I would the Devil had him.

Corn. What's thy business?

Tell. I'd be a Trooper.

Ferret.

Ferret. And canſt thou fight?

Tell. Wilt thou try?

Ferret. No, faith, friend, I believe thee. Waſt' ever a Souldier?

Tell. I, a Parliament one.

Flea. What, and did'ſt thou run away?

Tell. No, I walk'd this pace: I ſcorn to run.

Burn. I believe this fellow's a Spy.

Tell. You lye; I am very honeſt. Now dare you fight?

Burn. No, by my troth, not with thee.

Tell. Then remember, if any body want the lye, you had it laſt.

Flea. This is ſuch a fellow as I never met with. Yet why did'ſt thou leave the Parliament?

Tell. For the ſame cauſe that I believe I ſhall leave you.

Flea. What's that?

Tell. Becauſe I lik'd 'em not.

Ferret. Who was thy Captain?

Tell. One Captain *Verily Rett.*

Ferret. Of what Profeſſion was he?

Tell. Of every ones Profeſſion, I think.

Ferret. What's that?

Tell. An Hypocrite.

Burn. And doſt thou come out of love to the King?

Tell. No; I come to ſee faſhions.

Burn. But why did'ſt thou leave thy Captain?

Tell. Becauſe he is an Hypocrite, a yea and nay knave; he cannot endure to plunder, but (in a godly manner) he will take all he can lay his hands on.

Corn. But wilt thou fight for the King out of ſtark love and kindneſs.

Tell. No; I'l fight for him as all men fight for Kings, partly for love, partly for my own ends. I'l fight bravely for a Battel or two; then beg an old houſe to make a Garriſon of, grow rich, conſequently a coward, and then let the Dog bite the Bear, or the Bear the Dog, I'l make my own peace, I warrant you; and, in ſhort, this is my buſineſs hither.

Enter

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Where are you, Sirs? the Captain has brought Orders to march, but whither I know not; and better news than that, he has brought pay, Boys.

Flea. I hope you are not angry, Lieutenant.

Lieut. I am not yet; but I shall be very suddenly, therefore provide against it: the next fresh quarter you will have advantage enough. I hope we understand of all hands.

Flea. 'Tis sufficient, Lieutenant.

Corn. But here's the strangest fellow come to be a Trooper.

Lieut. He 's welcome. Hast thou a good Horse, friend?

Tell. No, but I've a bridle, and if you'l entertain me, I shall quickly have a horse. Are you the Captain?

Lieut. I am but Lieutenant, friend.

Tell. Ho, I thought you had all been Captains, I'm sure you are all call'd so.

Enter Captain.

Lieut. But here comes one that is so: this is a very Captain.

Tell. I tell thee that's very much. What's his name?

Lieut. Captain *Honor.*

Tell. I? have you such a thing as Honor amongst you?

Capt. Lieutenant, get your Corporals together, and give 'em Orders to make ready for a march; and be sure you charge 'em to see every Horse in their Squadrons shod, otherwise we shall have 'em lye behind drinking and plundring, and then pretend they stay to shooe their Horses: let me hear no more on't.

Tell. 'Tis possible a very Captain may be honest.

Lieut. But, Sir, before you do any thing, talk with this fellow: he would fain be a Trooper.

Capt. Now, friend, would'st thou be a Souldier?

Tell. Yes, if I could light of a good side: a right cause, and good men to manage it.

Capt. On my word, that's shrewdly put. Well, I'l promise thee a good cause, and some good men: in multitudes all are not vertuous, nor valiant.

Tell. That's well said: I think I shall begin to take a liking

to

to you. But, Captain, I hear a man may learn to flea a flint amongſt you, to drink and plunder.

Capt. D'ye hear that raſcals? But where did'ſt thou hear this report of us?

Tell. In a *London*-pulpit: but another ſort of people told me, they preach'd Intereſt more than Goſpel; ſo that a man knows not which ſide to take.

Capt. Nay, upon my word, thou art come to the right ſide.

Tell. I gheſs as much; for you talk worſe than you do, and they do worſe than they talk.

Capt. This is an odd kind of fellow, and I believe a dangerous. Friend, withdraw, while I read my Orders to my Officers.

Tell. A word in your ear firſt, are you wonderful honeſt?

Capt. Thou art a ſtrange blunt fellow: yes, I am honeſt.

Tell. But are you wiſe too? for elſe the want of wit to manage your honeſty, may make you a knave. I know 'tis ſome mens caſes.

Capt. Thou doſt ſurpriſe me: ſure thou haſt more buſineſs than to be a Trooper.

Tell. I have ſo; but I muſt ask you another queſtion ere you know it. Are you ſtanch enough to keep a ſecret? Be not angry; many of your party cannot hold: for tell you news, and you fly, like lightning, to the next man to diſgorge it, and ſo it goes round till it comes to the Enemy; and thus you betray your buſineſs, and intend it not neither.

Capt. I have not heard ſo dangerous a man. Pray, friend, think me worthy to know your buſineſs.

Tell. You ſhall. And to ſhew you that I have buſineſs, I know what your Orders are:

Capt. Why, 'tis impoſſible.

Tell. Nothing impoſſible: you are to remove your Troop to *Cilſtow*, there quarter till further Orders, but not to go to bed, for you are within three miles of a little houſe call'd *Thieves-den* Garriſon; and you are to expect a company of Foot to quarter with you: is this your Orders?

Capt. You amaze me! how came you by this intelligence?

Tell.

Tell. It came to *Thieves-den* houſe this morning, and ſo to me; I am their Confidant, and would fain be yours.

Capt. Do you not know who ſent it?

Tell. No, nor they neither; there's the ſubtle carriage of the thing.

Capt. But pray, Sir, let me ask you who you are?

Tell. I am a plain, honeſt-meaning man, a neighbour to that Garriſon of *Thieves-den*, and one that has div'd into the bottom of both your parties, and find that you have faults, but the other great wickedneſs.

Flea. I do not like this fellow, he had a fling againſt drink.

Ferret. And plundering; but twenty to one he hath paid for't.

Flea. He had a plaguy jerk at flaying of flints too.

Capt. What if you went to *Oxford* with me?

Tell. So I may be hang'd when I come home again; for they will know it as ſure. Pray let me eat, and refreſh my ſelf, and then conclude of ſomething. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dol, *and calls Lieutenant back.*

Dol. Lieutenant, I'd ſpeak with you.

Lieut. *Dol*, I'l come to thee preſently. [*Exit.*

Dol. I cannot ſay I am with child, but with children; for here has been all Nations, and all Languages to boot: if the ſeveral Tongues ſhould work upwards now, and I ſpeak all Languages? why, I am not the firſt learned woman; but I believe the firſt that ever came by her learning that way. If I ſhould have for every man that has been dealing here a child, and if the children ſhould be born with every one a Back and Breſt on, as they were got? Bleſs me, what hard labour ſhould I have! But, for all this, I hope I do not go with above a Squadron of children. But to my buſineſs. I mean to lay this great belly to every man that has but touch'd my Apron-ſtrings. I thank the Law, 'tis very favourable in this point; for when I have play'd the whore, the Law gives me leave to play the rogue, and lay it to whom I will.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Why how now *Dol?* how go matters with you, good

Dol. I desire you stand my friend, Sir, you see my condition.

Lieut. Thou wilt not lay thy child to my charge, I hope.

Dol. No, Sir, I have more wit; my drift is to lay it to more than one man, or one Squadron: Sir, I understand there's a months pay in your hands; and I am resolv'd to lay this great belly to every man round the Troop; some I have struck already, and they have very fairly compounded with me; some, I suppose, may bustle and stand out, but if you will countenance me, then they must compound at our rates.

Lieut. But *Dol*, what benefit is this to me? for I profess no friendship, but follow the general principle of mankind, *Dol*; which is to pick the money out of thy pocket to put it into mine. So, *Dol*, in plain terms what will you give me?

Dol. Why, Lieutenant, you shall go snips.

Lieut. Why, *Dol*, we are agreed: but after we have struck the Troop round, who dost thou pitch upon to father it?

Dol. Why, faith, I did design to marry Monsieur *Raggou*, the French Cook, that rides in your Troop.

Lieut. Thou wilt never indure to live with him, 'tis such a nasty slovenly rogue.

Dol. 'Tis no matter for living with him; I want a husband.

Lieut. He stinks above ground: he has not had a shirt on's back time out of mind.

Dol. That makes it a fit match; for, by my troth, I do not deserve a man that's worth a shirt.

Lieut. Well, *Dol*, upon the aforesaid terms, you're sure of me, play your game with all confidence.

Dol. Well, I'l to work amongst 'em presently: or if I might gain you to advance my greater desires, which is my Cornet's Boy that waits on him; I am foolish, for I love him strangely, desperately. A hundred pounds, in plain terms, make him mine.

Lieut. But, *Dol*, where is this hundred pound?

Dol. I have shark'd these four years, and made a shift to scrape four hundred pounds together.

Lieut.

Lieut. Still I ſay you're ſure of me, with ready money.

Enter Monſieur Raggou *and his Landlady.*

Well, *Dol*, away; here comes Monſieur *Raggou*, ſtep aſide.

Dol. O let him have his money: if our Cornets Boy fail, I'l have him, or he ſhall certainly keep the child. [*Exit.*

Rag. Landlady, come, take a my Piſtol and lock in your Trunk very ſafe.

Land. Yes, Sir.

Rag. Take heed, for begar you will be hang if my Piſtol run away.

Land. O Lord, I'l take no charge on't.

Rag. You roundhead whore, lock it up, or me will kill you, begar.

Land. I'l take all the care I can on't, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rag. So, me will ſteal my Piſtol from her trunk, and ſay ſhe carry it to de Enemy, and den me will ſo plundra de dam whore.

Enter Bumpkin.

Stand; who are you for, Bumpkin?

Bum. O Lord, Sir, I am for no body.

Rag. You Dog, be you for de King, or de Parliamenta?

Bum. Why I am for—— pray, Sir, who are you for?

Rag. Tank you for dat. Begar you be very full wid cunning: you will be of my a ſide, if me name my ſelf firſt. Speak, you dam Dog, who be you for?

Bum. Intruth it is not good manners to ſay who I am for: your worſhip ought to ſpeak firſt.

Rag. Pox take you, me be for de Parliament, you Dog.

Bum. O the Lord bleſs your worſhip, I am for the good Parliament too.

Rag. Je'rny, I am for de King, you roundhead Dog: begar me will plundra you ſoul and body.

Bum. O good Sir, ſpare me; I am for the King.

Rag. Diable, me will plundra you for being *Jack* of both ſides. Diantie, he have but one filling about his ſoul and bodee. Get you gone, you Dog. [*Exit Bumpkin.*

Begar, me have no luck, zoun me plundra every day dis tre

years, and begar me never get but one filling or one ſix penne, begar. Ha! Monſieur Lieutenant, me hear very brave ting of you.

Lieut. What's that?

Rag. Me hear you have ſome Largion for Monſieur La Soldier: pray how much will come to Monſieur Moy?

Lieut. Faith, Monſieur, ſome three pounds.

Rag. How, tre pone? whar be de tre pone? how much be tre pone?

Lieut. Why, here 'tis, Monſieur, ſo much as you ſee.

Rag. Begar, ſure you mock a de moy; begar me never ſee ſo much money togeder in my life. Me will lye down and tumble in my money like de Dog dat tumbla in de carrion, it is ſo ſweet. O brave Capitain, O brave Lieutenant, Gad a bleſs de King of *England*, and de King of *France* too, when he give me tre pone. Lieutenant, be to be mad a dangerous ting?

Lieut. O, very dangerous.

Rag. Begar dere be your tre pone again, it will make a me tark a mad; me no know vat me ſall do with all dis money: begar me admire tre pone of all ting in dis varle; it vill make de great Turk de Chriſtian, or de Chriſtian de Turk, better den all de argument in de varle. Pray, Lieutenant, keep dis money for me one two tre year, till me take counſel of all my friend in *France* vat me ſall do wid dat.

Lieut. Go to *Oxford*, and buy ſome neceſſaries with it; you are ſo naſty, no body is able to come near you: buy ſome ſhirts, to keep you ſweet and clean.

Rag. Buy ſome ſhart? Me love you very vell, Lieutenant, but you no underſtand: for vat ſall me have ſome ſhart?

Lieut. To keep your ſelf ſweet, and from being lowſie.

Rag. Who can ſee my ſhart? here be my doublet come cloſe, my coat come over all dat, den who de devil ſee my ſhart? For vat ſall me have a ſhart, when no body ſee my ſhart?

Lieut. But then you want ſtockins, and twenty neceſſaries.

Rag. Me pull up my boot, who ſee me have a ſtockin? you vill have a littel Engliſh tricka, and never underſtand: for vat vill you have more ting about you, den vat vill make a ſhew in de varle, and every body can ſee? Pray let me lay out my money to pleaſe my own fancee.

Lieut. With all my heart.

Rag. Den me vill lay it out for my honor, and for de honor of de King, and my Lieutenant: So adieu. Buy ſhart? who ſee my ſhart? [*Exit.*

Enter Dol.

Dol. Faith, Lieutenant, I'l at him, and ſome of the reſt preſently; therefore leave me to work: I am aſham'd, I am ſuch a fool to doat on a Boy, but no remedy: remember, therefore, and about it.

Lieut. Do you remember the hundred pound; I'l work him, fear not. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Enter Dol Troop.

Dol. Now to my buſineſs. My Flint-flayer compounded with me very civilly, that I did fear would have out-witted me: I am afraid of nothing but an impudent rogue that has no ſhame in him, that will father the child rather than part with his money, and ſo ſpoil my compounding with the reſt of the Troop. I'l be as wiſe as I can; ſo have among 'em.

Enter a Trooper.

Troop. What a pox makes ſhe here?

Dol. How d'ye, Mr. *William?* I'm come to tell you I am gone half my time, that you may provide; for I am quick.

Troop.

Troop. Art thou? faith, I'l be as quick as thou art, for I'l be in *Holland* (if the wind ſerve) to morrow. [*Exit.*

Dol. 'Slife, if they ſhould all boggle thus, I ſhould make a thin Troop on't.

Enter Raggou.

Rag. O, Madam *Dol!* O dee, O dee?

Dol. You ſee how I do: I am near my time, I deſire you to provide. You ſwore a thouſand oaths to me you would keep the child.

Rag. But me did but ſwear in French, Madam *Dol*, and dat vill no ſtand good in Engliſh Law, Madam *Dol.*

Dol. Come, Sir, come, I'l make you father my child, or I'l make you do worſe: will you compound?

Rag. Me ſcorn to compone, and ſcorn to fader your ſhild; you be a dam whore, Madam *Dol.*

Dol. You are a Raſcal, Mr. Monſieur, and I'l make you father the child in ſpite of your French teeth.

Rag. Begar, Madam *Dol*, you be de great whore de *Babylon*; begar, me vill make appear noting can get you wid child but de May-pole in de *Strana:* and den me can make appear, by good vitteneſs, dat me have no May-pole abouta me: So adieu, Madam *Babylon:* Pox take you, me fader your dam ſon of a whore ſhild! [*Exit.*

Dol. You fickle Frenchman, I ſhall be reveng'd on thee: I'l marry thee, but I'l be reveng'd on thee.

Enter Cornet, Lieutenant and Biddy.

But here comes my Cornet and his Boy, and the Lieutenant: I ſee he is mindful of my buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Lieut. Cornet, I have an earneſt and (by my troth) a moſt pleaſant ſuit to you.

Cor. You cannot miſs the grant of it. What is't?

Lieut. But firſt, do you love money?

Cor. By my troth, I know not; for I never had a ſum worth loving in my life yet.

Lieut. Will fifty pound do any hurt?

Cor. But what muſt I do for it? betray the Troop to the enemy, or ſome Garriſon? for under that I cannot deſerve fifty pound.

Lieut.

Lieut. Towns are not ſo cheap yet: though Treaſon be plentiful, 'tis not grown a Drug. But to my ſuit: you are to know that our *Dol* is deſperately in love, and with whom.

Cor. Not with me? I find I muſt earn this fifty pound.

Lieut. No ſuch matter: you have too great a conceit of your good face.

Bid. Indeed you lye, Lieutenant: for he can never think too well of that face. [*Aſide.*

Cer. Who is it ſhe is in love with?

Lieut. By my troth with thy Boy here: deſperately in love with thy Boy.

Bid. The Devil take her for her pains. But why do I curſe her, that am ſo deſperately in love my ſelf? [*Aſide.*

Cor. Why, this ſtory is very pleaſant, if you knew all.

Bid. O Lord, you will not tell him what I am, I hope?

Cor. Lieutenant, I muſt deny your ſuit, for it muſt not be a match; for the Boy is, in plain terms, a Girl.

Bid. The Devil take you for telling him.

Cor. Why ſo? my Lieutenant's very faithful.

Lieut. A Girl? Let me ſee your face.

Bid. O you unworthy man! Good Sir, forgive me, for I am even ready to ſcold.

Lieut. This is the pretty young daughter that belong'd to your Winter Quarters, and ſo came away for love?

Bid. Yes, Sir; but if your Cornet had been true, I had been paſt Love by this time: I had been married.

Lieut. Why, are all marry'd people paſt love?

Bid. Yes, Sir, of the mens ſide eſpecially: but, Sir, I am naturally very merry, and ſhall be, if you will but do me the favour to think me very honeſt.

Lieut. I ſhall do you a great favour, if I do, for I never thought any body ſo yet; but if it pleaſe you, I'l try your honeſty, and then I'l give you my opinion.

Bid. Be not rude when you try me, if you be, you were better venture on a Maiden-Cat at midnight, for I ſhall ſcratch worſe,

worſe, and ſo mark you, not for my humble ſervant, but my humble Catterwauler.

Lieut. I could meet ſuch a creature o'th' houſe top, at any hour, and ſcratch, and ſqueak, and tumble down together, and get the prettyeſt Kitlings as we fall.

Bid. I am glad to ſee you merry, Sir; for merry people are likely honeſt.

Lieut. Well, we'l try; but, if you love mirth, conſent to marry with this *Dol*: there's money for us all. [*Exit.*

Bid. Content, i'faith. 'Twill be excellent ſport to marry her, for I love roguery well enough; but, the Devil's in't, ſhe'l know me to be a Girl.

Enter Dol, *aloof.*

Cor. No, no; ſhe ſhall not come near you, nor touch you, till ſhe's brought to bed; then two to one but the Troop marches away, and leaves her behind; then I'm ſure the Country-Bumpkins will knock her o'th' head.

Dol. There's a Cornet in grain, i'faith.

Bid. Troth, you are very charitable. Well, ſince my hand's in at wearing Breeches, I'l do all the Offices of a man: I would I had wherewithal to perform; for, by my troth, I am weary of our own Sex.

Dol. She cryes, i'faith: I like that well.

Cor. You little fool, you do not cry, I hope?

Bid. No, faith, that was but a tear by chance. You made me leave my friends (you know) when you talk'd of marriage to me; but not one word on't now you have made me your Be-de-Boy.

Dol. I know not what to ſay to that.

Cor. We'l talk of thoſe things when we are ſettled.

Bid. By my troth, you have put me in ſuch a gog of marriage, that it will not out of my head: and yet I ſcorn to ask you to marry me, and I ſcorn to crack a commandment with you: was not that baſely done of you to tempt me? but I ſhall ſcold, which is a thing I hate. O baſe fellow! you would be going o'th' ſcore with me, for my Virginity? Faith, Sir, I'd have you know 'tis worth ready money at any time; and faith,

faith, I'll swear, it shall ne'er go under Matrimony.

Dol. She is honest, i'faith: I love a vertuous woman, though I am none my self; like him that lov'd the sound of Greek, though he understood it not. She is right honest, i'faith.

Bid. Marry me, and then halloo Dog for thy Silver coller; but till then, I'll gnaw my under-sheet to the bed-cord, before you shall have your will of me. I am sometimes mad when I think how I left my friends: sometimes I could scold, and sometimes I could cry, and the Devil take that good face of yours, I can do neither for it.

Cor. Come, come, you trust your person with me, and why not your virginity? How long do you think you can hold out at this stanch rate.

Bid. Faith, Sir, I can hold out till it's fit for no body: till I'm past the use of man, before thou shalt have it, shameless wretch.

Dol. She is certainly honest, and that's half our work done.

Cor. Come, prethee let's think of our mock-marriage with *Dol*, and after we'l be serious.

Bid. Why, I'm for that too; but yet I cannot chuse but cry to see how false you are, and how they talk at home of me, she's run away with a Souldier, and that rascal will not marry her. O the Devil take you, I shall never recover that credit again!

Cor. Come, we'l cozen 'em all at last.

Bid. Nay, I believe thou'lt cozen more than me; for what woman can forbear running away with thee, that sees those leering eyes, thou bewitching Devil, thou!

Cor. O remember you hate scolding, *Biddy*.

Bid. I had forgot that, indeed.

Cor. Nay, Pr'ythee no more of this story.

Bid. Well, I will not: but truly I grow weary of your unkindness; and I am serv'd well enough, for scorning a man that doated on me.

Dol. Ah ha! I motty, that's somewhat indeed.

Bid. But I see, a Cornet with his flying Colours, and his

word, *Have at all*, goes a great way with a virgin: Who can resist it? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain, Lieutenant and Tell-troth.

Capt. Lieutenant, stay and receive Orders. But, Sir, how many companies are there in *Thieves-den* Garrison?

Tell. Ne'er a Company; for not one of 'em will be call'd Captain of a Company, but Captain of a Congregation. One is call'd Captain *Holdforth*, another, Captain *Inbrext*; Rogues mark'd at the Foot for Rebellion.

Capt. Rebellion is the first point of Reformation always.

Tell. They are form'd to a new stamp of villany, the last Impression; that which put the Devil into a cold sweat: take the wickedest and worst-reputed men you have, and turn 'em loose to Plunder, and I defie 'em to make the Tythe o'th' spoil these hypocrites have done.

Capt. You are very bitter.

Tell. Malice cannot lay 'em open: they Lecture it thrice a week, and summon the Country to come in: they that refuse, they take their goods, and leave 'em ne'er a groat; and then they say, They took but their own, for the good creature is the inheritance of the people of Gad.

Capt. It seems, every Captain is a Teacher, and his own Company is his Congregation; so that they hang and draw Religion among themselves. No doubt most blasphemous villains.

Tell. Well, Sir, I'l home to night; march your Troop to *Lavel* to morrow; stay till I come to you: So fare you well; and I wish a blessing upon your good meaning. [*Exit.*

Capt. Lieutenant, be careful how you march to morrow, and take heed, I hear of no complaint, I'l to *Oxford* in the morning, to give an account of this fellow.

Lieut. I hope you'l allow us our old harmless Drolleries.

Cap. I, most freely. [*Exit.*

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Lieutenant, half the Troop will be gone: *Dol* has laid her child to 'em all, and they're for Horse and away.

Lieut. What shall we do?

Cor.

Cor. Indeavour to prevent it, that is all that's to be ſaid.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Trooper with his Arms, and Monſieur Raggou *meets him.*

Rag. Ow dee, ow dee, Monſieur *Lancaſhire*! vat make you have your arms ſo late at night? is dere Alarm? be de enemy in de quarteer?

1 *Troop.* Worſe than the enemy, the Devil's in the Quarter: our *Dol* is with child, and would lay it to me; but I'll lay down my Arms, and go home.

Rag. Begar, me vil lay down my Arms, and go home too; Ha! begar, now I tink, me have no home.

[*Exit.*

1 *Troop.* Captain, Captain.

Within. Who's there? what's the matter?

1 *Troop. Thomas*, 'tis I; the old Mutinier: tell the Captain I muſt ſpeak with him.

Within. He is but juſt laid down on the bed, to ſleep a little. Come i'th' morning.

1 *Troop.* Fleſh deu blood, I will ſpeak with him.

Captain above.

Capt. What's the matter? an Alarm?

1 *Troop.* I marry is there, Captain; there will be a whole Squadron upon you preſently.

Capt. 'Sdeath, my houſe, preſently.

1 *Troop.* The Enemy *Dol* is faln into our *Lancaſhire* quarters, and has laid her Child to our Squadron: ſo here is your Back and your Breſt, Captain, and I'll go home.

Enter four Troopers and Raggou.

2 *Troop.* Fleſh, we'l father no child, not we.

Rag. Begar, me vil fader no ſhild too. Hey Monſieur Captain, here be your one Piſtole.

3 *Troop.* Captain, we have brought you ſome *Lancaſhire* Arms; here is ten or eleven Sowze Kingiors for you.

Cap. What a Devil ayls the fellows? [*Above.*

Rag. Begar, Capitain, me vil keep no ſhild: your dam Madam *Dol* have get us all with a ſhild.

Capt. Run for the queans to come to me: I ſhall have all my Troop forſake me. Stay, Sirs, I come to you: I muſt as

well humour 'em as be ſevere, or elſe no Souldiers.

[*Exit from above.*

Rag. Vell, me do know very vell how it ſall be my ſhild or no.

4 *Troop.* Well, Monſieur, and I have a mark to know whether it be mine or no, as well as you.

2 *Troop.* And ſo we have all.

Enter Captain and Cornet.

Capt. My Maſters, you might have had ſo much manners to have held your complaints till morning; but however I have ſent for *Dol*, and I'l do you juſtice before I ſtir now. How now, *Raggou*; what are thy ſleeves ſtuff'd withal ſo?

Rag. Begar, dis ſleeve be my Stabla, dere be good Oata for mine Arſe: and dis ſleeve be my Kitchin, dere be meat for my ſelf. Vill you eat dis morning, Capitain?

Capt. Foh, your ſleeves ſtink abominably.

Rag. Zoun, do you call dat a ſtinka? 'tis true, it have a little huggo: begar, dis ſleeve keep your Troop alive; dis ſleeve is de Phyſician to all de Troop: When any man be ſick, me ſet on ſome hot vatera, dere let my ſleeve boyl one hour in it, and dat make de comfortable Pottage in de-varle. Have not me cure you all?

4 *Troop.* Yes, indeed, Captain, he has cur'd us twenty times.

Rag. Begar, Capitain, me have cure that dam whore Madam *Dol*, and yet for all dat ſhe lay her ſhild a top upon me.

Enter Dol.

Capt. O, here ſhe is. Now (you audacious quean) what makes you Alarm theſe people thus? Who got you with child? ſpeak, and ſpeak truth I charge you.

Dol. Why then I will ſpeak truth, an't pleaſe you: good Captain do not fright me.

Capt. Well then. Is it his child? did he get it?

Dol. I cannot ſay abſolutely 'tis his, Captain.

Capt. Why, is it this fellows?

Dol. I cannot ſay directly 'tis his neither.

Capt. Is it Monſieur *Raggou's*?

Dol.

Dol. I cannot ſay (to ſpeak truth) 'tis his in particular.

Capt. Death, (you abominable quean) ſay whoſe 'tis, or I'l ſlit your noſe.

Dol. Why, truly, I cannot lay it to any one man; but Gad is my judge, 'tis the Troops child, Captain.

Capt. Was ever ſuch a ſhut heard of?

Dol. I deſire your worſhip to believe me in one thing: truly Captain, and as Gad's my comfort, I have been as true and faithful a woman to the Troop, as ever wife was to a husband, Captain.

Rag. O, ho, are you ſo? me tink now, Madam *Dol*, you are de whore de *Babylon*; for one whole Troop may make a May-pole.

Capt. Why this is ſome honeſty yet, that ſhe is true to the Troop.

Rag. Ould, Capitain, for oughta me ſee dis ſhild be your ſhild.

Capt. How prove you that, Sir?

Rag. Begar, ſhe ſay de ſhild belong to de Troop, and you ſay de Troop belong to you; derefore de ſhild is your ſhild, begar.

Capt. But I'l make ſome of you father it. There is none of you but have ſome private mark to know it (to be your own) by.

4 *Troop.* Faith, Captain, if it be born with a Gauntlet and a Head-piece on, I'l own it.

2 *Troop.* Troth, Captain, if it be born with a Bridle in its hand, and Boots and Spurs on, I'l own it.

1 *Troop.* Troth, Captain, I ne'er touch'd her; I was about it once; but the jade laid her ſelf ſo like a Conſtable ty'd neck and heels together, that I went to plunder her, and ſhe up and beat me like a Dog.

3 *Troop.* And, by my troth, if it be born leading a horſe into the world, 'tis my child, Captain.

Rag. Ould: you every one have a mark to know your ſhild: Madam *Dol*, before my Capitain, if your ſhild be born wid never a ſhart, den it be my ſhild; for me have had no ſhart dis forty week.

Enter

Enter Ferret *alone.*

Ferret. By your leave, Captain.

Capt. What want you, *Aspin?*

Ferret. I come to see all these men, and to own the child, Captain.

Dol. How, own my child? the Rogue never touch'd me in his life, Captain.

Ferret. Ha, *Dol!* Confess, confess. Will you have the truth, Captain?

Capt. I, pr'ythee, with all my heart.

Ferret. Why, then I must confess she goes with two children: one I got on the great trunks end, and the other on a Stair-case, by my life, Captain.

Cap. I never heard of Stair-case children before.

Rag. But vat if de shild be born wid no shart? you shall be hang before you shader my shild.

Dol. Captain, if I were to dye to morrow, the rogue never touch'd me.

Ferret. I'll cudgel the rogue to death, Captain.

Capt. Hold, hold.

Rag. Let him come, Captain: me vill kill him, begar.

[*Draws and throws off his coat.*

Capt. Hold *Dol.* I charge you to put up, Monsieur.

Rag. Me vill put up den.

Capt. Not one word more, I charge you, but all to your quarters. Be gone, Cornet, 'tis time to sound to Horse; and take heed I hear of no complaints.

Rag. Begar, me never see all dat before; drable, me be Monsieur *Raggou* indeed: me vill put on my coat presan, for begar if Monsieur Dung-hill-raker see me, begar he vill put me in his sack.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter twelve Troopers at sick doors: two at a door.

1 *Troop.* Pox of this French fool, what does he mean to give us all Ribbons? we do but laugh at him.

3 *Troop.* His business is to be admir'd; I admire he has bought him ne'er a shirt.

2 *Troop.* He is like the Hypocrites, that will not sing Psalms, because

because they've ne'er a Room to the street, they cannot be heard.

4 Troop. And so he'l have ne'er a shirt, because it cannot be seen.

Enter Lieutenant, Flea-flint, Ferret-farm, and Burndorn.

Lieut. Come, to horse, to horse.

Flea. Lieutenant, pray let Monsieur *Raggon* ride before, and make the Quarters to night.

Ferret. Pray do, Sir: for every fresh quarter we know you expect, and therefore you must wink.

Lieut. But, Sirs, I dare not own you, for my Captain is so severe, that I protest he'l hang any man that plunders; especially you Flint-flayers, that he has forgiven so often.

Burn. Why, Sir, we'l venture that, for we have a way to come off.

Lieut. Pray how? for if the Country complain (and they discover you) the world cannot save you.

Flea. Why, Sir, you know Monsieur *Raggon* has a remarkable coat, with one sleeve always full of Meat for himself, and the other full of Oats for his horse.

Lieut. Well, what then?

Flea. Why, I have such a coat, and I will ruff up the sleeves, and rob like him; I can spatter French, and have every thing so like him, that your self cannot distinguish.

Lieut. Well, and how rob the rest?

Ferret. To satisfie you, in such disguises as the Devil cannot find us out in.

Lieut. You'l do well to keep in those disguises still, for i'faith he'l find you at the long run else. Well, if you will venture, do; I'll aid you in what I can.

Burn. If the Country complain, they come directly to you, Lieutenant.

Ferret. Then you bid 'em describe the men, and without peradventure they fall upon the Frenchman, with his remarkable sleeves.

Lieut. But suppose he stand it out, and make it out where he was in the time of plundering?

Flea.

Flea. That's shrewd, I confess.

Lieut. Come, I'll help you. If the Country-men come in, and describe him, I'll go directly to him, and tell him, I have Orders to seize him, for my Captain is resolv'd to hang him: so out of my kindness to him, I'll let him make his escape; and I'll warrant he'l away as if the Devil drove him.

Ferret. But, suppose he will not go at that neither, for he's impudent enough.

Lieut. Ha! if he will not (let me see) I'll write a Letter and have it ready in my hand, and we'l pretend to search him for Letters of Intelligence, and so clap the Letter into his pocket, and pull it out again, which shall be as if it came from the enemy, and that (according to his promise, they hope) he will betray the Troop.

Ferret. I marry, this is something: needs must he go, that the Devil drives.

Flea. Then much more must he go that the Lieutenant drives: I warrant he goes to some purpose.

Ferret. Good; and when he is gone and fled for't——

Lieut. The case is plain, he's guilty: none but he could do it.

Brun. Why, this is Plot and Intrigue, Lieutenant, bravely laid, i'faith.

Flea. Why then *Esperanza Flea-flint.*

Ferret. What work we'l make!

Enter Raggou and his Landlady.

Lieut. Here comes the poor rogue and his Landlady: he little thinks of our Tragical design against him. I'll step aside, and see what work he'l make. [*Exeunt.*

Rag. Come Ladlady, bring me my Pistole, me must march.

Land. I, Sir, I'll fetch it you: 'tis safe enough. [*Exit.*

Rag. Begar, me have steal my Pistole, me vill make her believe she vill be hang, and den she vill endure plundering de betra. But (pox take her) me have search, and she have noting to plundra.

Enter Landlady.

Land. O Lord, what shall I do, Monsieur? your Pistol is gone.

Rag.

Rag. Ha!

Land. It is gone, it is ſtoln.

Rag. Ha! you have carry my Piſtole to de enemy (you dam whore) Begar, you ſall hang tre pair of Stair higher den *Haman.*

Land. Truly I know not what's become on't: I hope you have it your ſelf.

Rag. O, you dam whore, me vill plundra your houſe for ſlander a moy.

Land. Good, Sir, I have nothing worth plundering, but a great Cheeſe.

Rag. Give me your Sheeſe, you devil you.

Land. Here it is, Sir, and all I have in the world.

Rag. Pox take you, give me one ſhilling for my Sheeſe.

Land. With all my heart: truly it's all the money I have.

Rag. Now give me my Sheeſe agen, you dam whore: Vat ſall me do wid dis Sheeſe? it vill not go into my Kitchin-ſleeve. Begar, for one ſhilling more you ſall have the Sheeſe indeed.

Land. You'l plunder it again?

Rag. Begar, it go agen my conſcience to take your Sheeſe, becauſe it vill no go in my Kitchin ſleeve.

Land. I have not a peny to ſave my life.

Rag. Begar, me ſell it to your Neighbour.

Enter Neighbour.

Vat vill you give me for my Sheeſe.

Land. It's my Cheeſe.

Rag. Begar ſhe lye, me plunder it very fair from her.

Neighb. Then I hope I may buy plundred goods as well as other people. What's your price?

Rag. Begar, Dog-ſheap: one ſilling.

Neighb. There's your money.

Land. Will you offer to buy my Cheeſe?

Neighb. 'Tis my Cheeſe.

Land. I'l try that. [*Fight & exeunt.*

Rag. Begar, fight till de devil part you.

Enter Lieutenant, and all the Troopers.

O Monſieur Lieutenant!

Lieut. What doſt with that Cheeſe?

Rag. My Landlady love me vera dear, and ſhe give me dis Sheeſe as a token to wear for her ſake.

Lieut. Raggou, you muſt needs go make the quarters for the Troop.

Rag. Wid all min heart. But, Lieutenant, dere be a favour for you. [*Gives him a knot of Ribbon.*

Lieut. But what is the meaning of this?

Rag. Begar, it be for my honer: me have lay out all my tre pone in Ribbon, and give all de Troop my favour to wear in de Hat.

Lieut. What, and is all thy three pound gone in Ribbon, and bought never a ſhirt? 'Tis very fine.

Rag. Begar, and ſo it be very fine. As me tell you before, who de devil ſee my ſhart? all de varle ſee Monſieur *Raggou* in de Hat: every man vill admire, and ask, who gave all that favour to de Troop? den dey cry, Monſieur *Raggou* de French Cook; begar, dat ſall be more honer for me, den ever you ſall get by your ſhart.

Lieut. Thou art a right Frenchman. My horſe there, Groom: Let's march away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Enter Flea-flint, Ferret-farm, *and* Burndorp.

Flea. IS not this like him as can be?

Burn. 'Tis like enough to delude the people with.

Flea. I'l rant and tear the ground, Boys. I will ſo plundra all de dam Bumpkin Dog.

Ferret. That will paſs: that's his word: 'tis like him.

Flea. Be you pretty modeſt, Sirs, and let me play the devil among 'em. I will ſo terrifie 'em with French-gibberiſh, that you ſhall appear no body amongſt 'em.

Burn. Good: for the more active and terrible thou art, they will the more remember thee when they come to complain, and ſo we ſhall be ſure to ſcape.

Flea. Come away, Sirs; we muſt be quick, and ride hard for't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Raggou *like* Flea-flint.

Rag. Begar, me have maka my ſelf like *Flea-flint*, and me vill burn one two Town as me go to make a de Quarter, and me vill ſpeak Engliſh, and me vill call my ſelf *Flea-flint*: let me ſee. Come, where is this Conſtable? where are all theſe damn'd dery damn'd Rogues and Whores? I'l flay your very ſouls, you beaſtly Bawds. Begar, all dat be very good Engliſh, and it be very much like Monſieur *Flea-flint*, and begar, me hope he vill be taken and hang for dat, for begar me vill plundra de devel if me catch him. [*Exit.*

Enter Cornet and Biddy.

Cor. Come, let me ſee, *Biddy*, how finely you'l court your Miſtreſs now.

Bid. I can court her as all men court women; you ſhall lend me two or three hundred oaths, your diſſembling tongue,

and your false heart, and then I cannot miss the right way of wooing her.

Cor. This comes very near scolding, *Biddy*.

[*Takes her by the chin.*

Bid. You make me forget my self: look you now, would any honest man take a Maid so kindly by the chin, and yet not mean to marry her?

Cor. Thou little fool, at that rate every man i'th' Kingdom would have ten thousand wives: if you'l part with your Maiden-head, have at you *Biddy*. Come, come, you loving worm, I know I shall have it at last.

Bid. Nay, o' my conscience I believe thee; yet I have held fast hitherto.

Cor. I am glad to hear that, i'faith.

Bid. But I find I must look no more on those eyes; if I do, i'faith I shall flutter so long about the Candle, that I shall singe my Virgin wings at last: I will therefore now conclude I am a man, and must go court my Mistress.

Enter Lieutenant and Dol.

Cor. Here's the Lieutenant and *Dol*, now behave your self like a man.

Bid. Could you shew me how to behave my self like an honest man? that's out of your way I doubt.

Dol. Still better and better. This confirms me.

Bid. Well, give me thy hand: I'm resolv'd to be very vertuous, and very merry, and never think more of thee.

Cor. Well, Mrs. *Dol*, here's one has consented in part to marry you.

Dol. Pretty creature!

Bid. Ugly Toad. *Aside.*

Dol. Well, and will you be content to ride before me lovingly a days?

Lieut. I, and behind thee too; ride thee all the points o'th' Compass, wench, fear not.

Bid. O Lord, but is there so many ways of riding, Lieutenant?

Lieut. Hast thou liv'd to these years, and not known that yet?

Cor.

Cor. Well, but when will you marry?

Bid. Nay, by my faith, let us woo firſt, and then marry: becauſe I believe there is more pleaſure in wooing than in the effects of it.

Cor. Why do you not begin and court her then?

Bid. Nay, by my faith, let her begin firſt.

Lieut. That's not the mode for the woman to woo the man.

Bid. That is, if the man love the woman; but that's not my caſe: for 'tis ſhe loves me, not I her.

Lieut. O, but in complaiſance you muſt begin: It is not civil to put a woman to't.

Bid. Not I, faith: pray forſooth do you begin.

Dol. Indeed it ſhall be yours.

Bid. I proteſt it ſhall be yours: therefore begin, or I vow I'll break off the match.

Dol. Nay, rather than ſo, I'll begin. Sweet, Sir, I am much, and greatly aſham'd.

Bid. Were you ever ſo before, Miſtreſs?

Dol. Yes, truly, I have been aſham'd; but it is ſo long ſince——

Bid. That you have forgot it, I ſuppoſe. But I diſturb you, forſooth.

Dol. No diſturbance, ſweet Sir. (I want fine words to expreſs my love in.) I am ſorry that the Cart-wheel of Fortune ſhould drive me into the Coach-box of your affection.

Bid. Fortune will take it ſcurvily to call her wheel a Cart-wheel: beſides, Coach-box and Cart-wheel did never agree in this world yet.

Dol. I am not able to expreſs my love as it deſerves; but I have four hundred pound in gold, if that will do it.

Bid. By my faith you expreſs your ſelf very well, and I will woo you heartily for it. Madam, you have ſtruck me with ſuch a deſperate Dart, from thoſe fair ſomewhat or other that you have about you—— Are you ſure you have the gold you ſpoke of?

Dol. Yes, my dear heart, very ſure.

Bid. Then if I do not love you above all women-kind, periſh,

periſh me, and ſink me, refuſe me, rot me, and renounce me.

Cor. Hold, hold, hold: do you call this wooing?

Bid. Yes faith; I had a Siſter caſt away with the very ſame ſpeech, therefore do not interrupt me, for I know all mankind wooes thus. And, as I was ſwearing, Madam, the Devil take——

Lieut. Enough, enough, enough, enough.

Bid. But, Madam, are you ſatisfi'd?

Dol. I am, to the full: and do believe you.

Bid. But, if you pleaſe, Madam, now my hand is in, to accept of a hundred or two of oaths more.

Dol. No, no, no; by no means: I believe you without 'em, and I am yours.

Bid. I have not ſworn out half my Alphabet yet.

Dol. You have done ſufficiently, indeed.

Bid. Well, give me your hand then; you are the firſt woman certainly, that was ever gain'd with ſo little ſwearing.

Cor. Thou haſt wooed her, and won her moſt bravely.

Bid. Have I? why, then I'm thine. But hark you, Lieutenant and Cornet, we will be married privately, and in the dark, becauſe her face ſhall not turn my ſtomach. Madam, I have one ill humor, I cannot abide a woman with a bare face; therefore, if I could buy you a maſque that would ſtick to your face, and never come off, I believe I ſhould love you very well.

Dol. I'l have a Maſque, or what you pleaſe, my dear:
Next bout, I hope, will be my turn to jeer.

Lieut. Come, let's in, and viſit our new Quarters.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Raggou *making Quarters, Conſtables and Neighbours.*

1 *Neighb.* I beſeech your worſhip do not quarter ſo many upon me: I'm but a poor man.

2 *Neighb.* Alas poor man! you have over-charg'd him. Rogue, he has more money than half the Town.

Rag. You be a dam Dog to betray your Neighbour: who would tink to find de devel in a Country-Bumpkin! Begar, me vill make uſe of your develry.

1 *Neighb.*

1 *Neighb.* I pray your worſhip take four horſe from me.

Rag. You be a dam rich Dog: begar, you ſall have a Squadron upon you, if you no underſtand me.

1 *Neighb.* How ſhould I underſtand you?

Rag. You be a dam Dog: begar, me vill put twenty horſe upon your back till you underſtand a moy. Vat vill you give me, if I take all de horſe from you?

1 *Neighb.* Indeed I'l pray for your worſhip.

Rag. O ho! be dat all? do you underſtand noting but prayer? Divel you fool vat be prayer to de Quarteer Maſter? but can you pray in French?

1 *Neighb.* Alas, no! I, an't pleaſe you.

Rag. Den, begar, your Engliſh prayer vill no ſave a Frenchman; you ſall have ten Arſe more for dat.

2 *Neighb.* An't pleaſe you, Monſieur, I underſtand you.

Rag. You ſall have no Arſe upon you.

3 *Neighb.* And I underſtand you very well, Sir.

Rag. Begar, you have very much a great deal of underſtanding.

3 *Neighb.* Here are more of our Neighbours that underſtand you, Sir.

Rag. Begar, den me underſtand too: get all your money togedra, and put in my pocket your ſelf, den me can ſwear begar, me never take no peny of you, a ha!

3 *Neighb.* We will do it gladly, Sir, and pray for you too.

Rag. Begar, me no care for dat. But you dam Dog, that no underſtan a moy, ſall quarteer all de Troop; and den look to your wife, for begar *Flea-flint* vill ſo get your child for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flea-flint, Ferret-farm, Burn-dorp, *Lieutenant, Cornet,* Raggou, *and* Doll.

Burn. Lieutenant, we have done the work.

Ferret. We have burnt ſeven Towns.

Flea. We have rais'd fourſcore pound.

Lieut. Y'are dextrous at your trade, you have made quick diſpatch: but peace, we ſhare anon. [*Aside.*] Now you're welcome. Come, where's the Boores o'th' houſe?

we'll

we'l ſee what my quarters can afford. Where are you all? What houſe here, ho?

Enter Woman and Maid.

Woman. What want you, Sir?

Lieut. Art thou the woman o'th' houſe?

Woman. Yes, Sir, a poor woman.

Lieut. Art thou poor? what a pox do I in ſuch a quarter? why, Quarter-maſt. *Raggon*, is this the beſt houſe in the Village?

Rag. Zoun, hang 'em, they're very rich Dog's, but you ſall have no meat for your ſelf, no Oat for your Anſes, but her dam husband vill feaſt you all wid pray for you.

Lieut. Diable you *Rotterdam* whore, I'l make you bring out your things: where's your Cowes, your Calves, and your ſheep?

Woman. Alas, we have none, Sir.

Cor. Haſt thou any drink, good woman?

Woman. No, truly, we have none.

Flea. Nor haſt thou no wine, nor ſtrong-water, good woman?

Woman. No, indeed, we have none.

Rag. Why den, a pax take you, good woman.

Lieut. No Hens, nor Turkies, nor Swine, nor nothing?

Rag. Hang her, begar ſhe hide every ting, when dey hear me come to make a de quartett.

Ferret. Send to the Market Town, and buy proviſion, and be hang'd, or I'l ſet fire o' your houſe, you damn'd dery damn'd whore.

Rag. Zoun, dis dam coward, how he domineer over de Bumpkin woman!

Woman. Alas, we have no money, Sir, not we.

Ferret. What doſt thou tremble and ſhake ſo for? what a pox ails thee?

Cor. What ſhall we do? threatning will not ſerve the turn.

Lieut. Do but ſecond me, and I'l make 'em bring out all they have, I warrant you: do but talk as if we us'd to eat children.

Ferret.

Ferret. 'Tis enough.

Lieut. Why, look you, good woman, we do believe you are poor, ſo we'l make a ſhift with our old Dyet. You have children i'th' Town?

Woman. Why do you ask, Sir?

Lieut. Only have two or three to Supper. *Flea-flint*, you have the beſt way of cooking children.

Flea. I can pouder 'em, to make you taſte your liquor: I'm never without a dry'd childs tongue or ham.

Woman. O bleſs me!

Flea. Mine's but the ordinary way, but *Ferret-farm* is the man: he makes you the ſavourieſt pye of a childs chaldron that ever was eat!

Lieut. A pox, all the world cannot cook a child like Monſieur *Raggou*.

Rag. Begar me tink ſo; for vat was me bred in de King of *Mogul*'s kitchin for, tere ye kill twenty ſhild of a day? Take you one ſhild by both his two heels, and put his head between your two leg, den take your great a knife and ſlice off all de buttack, ſo faſhion; begar, dat make a de beſt Scotts Collop in de varle.

Lieut. Ah! he makes the beſt Pottage of a childs head and purtenance! but you muſt boyl it with Bacon: woman, you muſt get Bacon.

Ferret. And then it muſt be very young.

Lieut. Yes, yes. Good woman, it muſt be a fine ſquab child, of half a year old: a man child, doſt here?

Woman. O Lord! yes, Sir.

Rag. Do you hear? get me one ſhe-ſhild, a littel whore-ſhild, and ſave me all de lamb-ſtone and ſweet-bread, and all de pig petty-toe of de ſhild: do you hear you round-head whore?

Woman. I, Sir, I. O that ever I ſhould live to ſee ſuch men! [*Exit.*

Lieut. I warrant you it works; if there be proviſion in the Country, we ſhall have it.

Flea. How the whore trembled for fear!

Cor. We ſhall have all the women in the Village about our ears; hide-bound whores! it's a queſtion whether they'l part with their meat or their children firſt.

Lieut. This foolery will be nois'd about the Country, and then the odium will never be taken off.

Cor. Why, what can they make on't? all underſtanding people will know it to be mirth.

Lieut. I know they will; but the envious Prieſts will make fine talk on't, and make a great advantage on't too: though they know it to be nothing but mirth, they'l preach their Pariſhioners into a real belief of it, on purpoſe to make us odious. They'l preach againſt any thing: I heard a ſcandalous Sermon, of two hours long, againſt Prince *Rupert's* Dog.

Cor. Come, 'tis no matter what hypocrites preach: let us ſee what the event will be. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Women in a fright, alarm'd by their Neighbour.

Woman. Look to your children; if ever you mean to ſee your children alive, hide your children: they'l eat your children.

1 *Neighb.* Woe is me! what's the matter, Neighbour?

Woman. I ſay, hide your children.

2 *Neighb.* Ah! good Neighbour, what's the matter?

Woman. Why, run away with your children.

3 *Neighb.* Why, that ever we were born! what's the matter?

Woman. They will eat your children.

4 *Neighb.* O, theſe bloudy Cavaliers! how, eat our children?

Woman. They talk of boyling your children.

All. O mercy on us!

Woman. And roaſting your children.

All. O bloudy villains!

Woman. And baking your children,

1 *Neighb.* O Helliſh Cavaliering Devils!

Woman. There's nothing to be thought of, but hiding your children.

1 *Neighb.* I would mine were in my belly again.

Woman. That's not ſafe: they'l ſearch there in the firſt place, to be ſure.

2 *Neighb.*

2 *Neighb.* I'l hide mine in the ſtraw.

Woman. And ſo we ſhall have one of 'em lay you down a top of it, and ſmother one child whilſt he is getting another. I ſay, run away with your children.

3 *Neighb.* O bloudy wretches! I have heard much of their getting children; but never of their eating children before.

4 *Neighb.* Neighbour, their getting of children might be born with; but eating 'em was never heard of.

Woman. They have got a Cook from the great *Mogull*, on purpoſe to kill children: and they talk of roaſting their haunches, and baking the chaldron, and broyling the chine.

Maid. And making Pottage of the childs head and purtenance.

All. O deliver our poor children.

Woman. Do you ſtand whining and crying? Fetch out your Sheep, and your Calves, your Hens, your Pigs, and your Geeſe, and your Bacon; for there's no other way to ſave your children.

All. I, with all our hearts.

1 *Neighb.* I'l bring two fat Sheep.

2 *Neighb.* I'l bring Turkies and Hens.

3 *Neighb.* I have a brave fat Calf worth eleven Nobles, by my troth I had as lieve part with one of my children.

Woman. O you uncharitable beaſt! go fetch your Calf. Run every body, and bring your things to my houſe, as faſt as you can drive. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lieutenant, *Cornet*, Flea-flint, Ferret-farm, Burndorp *and* Raggou.

Lieut. Meat, or Children, to ſupper for a wager, Gentlemen?

Cor. Meat, for a wager, if they have it.

Lieut. I, without doubt; for never was Women and children ſo alarm'd in this world.

Flea. When they were got together, and told their children would be eaten; they ſet up their throats, and made a more horrid noiſe than a Welch Hubbub, or an Iriſh Dirge.

Enter Nurse with two Children.

Ferret. How now! what think you if we be put to eat Children indeed? By this light, here's a woman with two Children.

Lieut. We ſhall be croſs-bit with theſe Country whores. what ſhall we do?

Rag. Begar, me vill help you off: you ſall eat no ſhildren.

Nurſe. By your leaves, your good worſhips: I make bold to bring you in ſome proviſions.

Ferret. Proviſions! where, where is thy proviſions?

Nurſe. Here, an't pleaſe you: I have brought you a couple of fine fleſhy Children.

Cor. Was ever ſuch a horrid whore! what ſhall we do?

Nurſe. Truly, Gentlemen, they're as fine ſquab Children: ſhall I turn 'em up? they have the braveſt brawny buttocks!

Lieut. No, no. But, woman, art thou not troubled to part with thy children?

Nurſe. Alas, they are none of mine, Sir; they are but Nurſe-children?

Rag. Dere be a dam whore for you.

Lieut. What a beaſt is this! Whoſe children are they?

Nurſe. A Londoners, that owes me for a years nurſing. I hope they'l prove excellent meat: They're Twins too.

Rag. A ha! but, begar, we never eat no Twin-ſhild; de Law forbid dat: but hark you, have any woman with ſhild in de Town?

Nurſe. Yes, half a dozen.

Rag. Lieutenant, it be de beſt meat in de varle: begar, a woman with ſhild is better meat den one hen with egg at Shrove-tide.

Enter Landlady, and women with proviſion.

Lieut. How now? what news, Landlady?

Woman. Here is a great many poor women that have brought in proviſions, in hope you'l ſpare their children.

Neighb. We beſeech your worſhips ſpare our poor children, and you ſhall want for nothing our Country can afford.

Lieut. Good woman, we are content to ſpare your children,

dren, but you muſt get us ſome ſtrong drink.

2 *Neighb.* I, I; we'l get you every thing you want.

Lieut. Why, then, go all home, and be contented; for we promiſe you, if we eat any children, it ſhall be the two Nurſe-children.

All. Ah, ——preſerve you all, Gentlemen.

Rag. Take ſome comfort; for if we ſhould eat your ſhildren, you ſall no be a loſer by dat: for look you, good woman, how many ſhildren we eat in a Pariſh, ſo many ſhild we are bound to get before we leave it: dat is very fair.

[*Exeunt women.*

Lieut. Why, is not this better than faſting?

Flea. Well, and what harm is there in all this?

Cor. None i'th' world. Come, let's in, and dreſs our ſupper.

Rag. Me will go eat at my own quarteer. It be a braveting to be in Office: begar de Clowns worſhip me, as if me were dere great God Bumpkin. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Lieutenant, Flea-flint, Ferret-farm *and* Burndorp.

Flea. Lieutenant, here's all our Country crew that we plundred yeſterday.

Ferret. But, our comfort is, they know us not; but cry out of a Frenchman, with two coat-ſleeves, ſtuff'd like two Country bag-puddings.

Lieut. This cunning rogue has croſs-bit you all: he has been plundering as he went to make his Quarters; and in a Buff-coat too; for here is a dozen fellows at my Quarter, and they all deſcribe a rogue ſo like thee, that I proteſt thou wilt ſuffer for it. Nay, the rogue call'd himſelf *Flea-ſtint*, too.

Flea. Ouns, what ſhall we do, Sir?

Lieut.

Lieut. Upon my word, this is no jeafting buſineſs.

Ferret. 'Sheart, over-reach'd thus!

Lieut. You muſt e'en think of over-reaching him again. You muſt firſt think of ſtopping the clamor of the Bumpkins; that's your firſt point of ſecurity.

Flea. But, Lieutenant, how ſhould we do't? Faith, you muſt try your wits, and ſtick to us.

Lieut. I knew you would venture ſo far, 'twould come to my turn to fetch you off at laſt, Rogues.

Flea. Why, Sir, my man and his both ſhall ſwear *Raggou* borrow'd a Buff-coat of them.

Lieut. Let him be gone firſt, and then you may ſwear any thing. One of you go tell the Bumpkins, I am ſearching for the Rogue: the reſt go with me to *Raggou*.

[*Exit* Ferret-farm.

Burn. This is his quarter.

Lieut. This? Knock: it ſeems to be the beſt houſe i'th' Town. [*Knocks.*

Maid. Who would you ſpeak with? [*Within.*

Lieut. With Monſieur *Raggou*.

Maid. Sir, he gave us a ſtrict charge to let no body ſpeak with him.

Lieut. But I muſt, and will ſpeak with him.

Maid. Indeed, Sir, he charg'd us, upon pain of his diſpleaſure, not to diſturb him.

Lieut. Pain of his diſpleaſure? what an impudent rogue's this! Shew us, ſhew us.

Raggou *is diſcover'd in a Taffata bed, with a Back, Breſt and Head-piece on.*

How now! what, in Taffata Curtains? the impudent rogue makes me laugh. You, raſcal, *Raggou*; look in his Head-piece too.

Rag. Who de deve! diſturb me? you dam whore, you know vat me do to you laſt night?

Lieut. Why, what was that you did to her laſt night?

Rag. Begar me lye with her at three motion, as de Muſquetier ſhoot of his Gun; make ready, preſent, and give fire.

Lieut.

Lieut. O my word that's good diſcipline.

Rag. Begar, ſhe ſall make ready for you, if you will preſent and give fire.

Lieut. But how came it that I had not this good Quarter?

Rag. Becauſe me knew me ſhould make a de Quarter but one night, and ſo, begar, me make a de beſt uſe of my time, as all de whole varle do too.

Lieut. But what a Rogue art thou: why doſt thou lye in ſuch a bed in thy Arms?

Rag. For two gran reaſon, Sir. Firſt, becauſe my French louſe ſall go great way about before he come to de clean ſheet: next, becauſe a de dam Engliſh flea ſhall not bite a my ſweet French body.

Lieut. Well, Maid, go down: I muſt ſpeak with him.

[*Exit Maid.*

Rag. Vat you have wid me, Lieutenant?

Lieut. Faith, out of my love, I would ſave thee from hanging.

Rag. Hang! for vat? begar, hang me if me deſerve, ſo you hang all dat deſerve a de hang; begar, dat is de whole Troop, Lieutenant and all.

Lieut. Here you plunder in one ſhape, and there in another: ſometimes, like *Flea-flint*, in Buff; ſometimes like your ſelf: that here is all the Country come in with ſuch horrid complaints. Nay, they ſay you raviſh women too.

Rag. Lieutenant, begar, me never raviſh but one old woman, and ſhe give me five ſhilling for my pain.

Lieut. Nay, here is worſe than all that, my Captain has intelligence you're a dangerous man, and hold correſpondence with the enemy.

Rag. Me ſall be hang, Lieutenant, if you tink ſo.

Lieut. Nay, 'tis ſo; I have orders to ſearch you. —— Put that in his Pocket, [*aſide*] and pull it out again.

Rag. Ah, begar me have no long life before me be hang.

Burn. O, Sir! are you good at that? he was going to convey Letters out on's pocket.

Rag.

Rag. Begar, he lye Lieutenant, me have no Lettra; begar, hang a me, if me can write an read: de Horn-book be de Hebrew to me, begar.

Lieut. Search him, ſearch him.

[*Search, and pulls a Letter out, and an Engine.*

Burn. Here's a Letter, Lieutenant; and an Engine, I think.

Flea. What's this?

Lieut. O, you need not write and read if you have this: I'l be hang'd, if this be not the key of his character he writes to the enemy with.

Rag. Dat make a de French Pye, and make a de Garniture for de Diſh, dat be all.

Lieut. Let's ſee; the caſe is plain; he ſent his intelligence in characters of paſte. This very thing will hang him: but let's read the Letter.

Rag. Begar, me have no Lettra: de devel ſend it in my pocket.

Lieut. Reads. Monſieur *Raggou*; in hope that under this poor diſgüiſe of a French Cook you will ſhew a rich faith—

Rag. Vat he mean by fait? begar, me have no fait.

Lieut. Reads. And when you have deliver'd up your Troop to us, the Parliament will own you as your ſelf, and give you the reſpects due to your great and honourable family.

Rag. Devel, me have no honourable, nor family neider, begar.

Flea. The caſe is plain, you are of ſome great family.

Rag. Lieutenant, me confeſs me come of de King of *France* Kitchin, of de honourable family of de Turn-ſpit: Begar, me tell you true, dere be all my family, and my honourable too.

Burn. O, Sir, 'tis a very cunning fellow; my Captain ſends word he us'd to be converſant with the Round-heads, and pray with them.

Rag. The Devel take a me, me never pray in my life, me ſwear altogedra in de King of *France* Kitchin.

Lieut. I love you ſo well, that I'd be loth to hang you, Monſieur; therefore I'm content to let you eſcape: but be ſure you be not taken.

Rag.

Rag. Begar den hang a moy, for my Arſe vill no go very far.

Lieut. Well, pray be gone, and ſay you found a friend.

Rag. Gad a bleſs you, Lieutenant: ven me come in *France*, zoun, me vill ſo pray for you.

Flea. And yet you ſay you never pray'd in your life.

Rag. Begar, me tank Gad, me never have occaſion to pray till juſt now. Adieu, adieu——a—— Who ſend me dat dam Lettra in my pocket? [*Exit.*

Lieut. Well, now we muſt keep the Bumpkins here till he is gone, and then give 'em orders to ſearch the Countries for him.

Burn. And that will whidle them as well as if you had given them their money again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Captain Holdforth, *Mr.* Tell-troth, *and Captain* Tub-text.

Hold. Intruth, drinking is a harmleſs recreation, ſo we proceed not to drunkenneſs.

Tub. Pray how far-forth may we proceed in drink? for I would take no more than is fit to be taken with a ſafe conſcience.

Tell. Why, Captain *Tub-text*, if thy belly were as large as thy conſcience, by that computation, the great Tun at *Heidelberg* would be juſt thy mornings draught.

Tub. Here is old *Tom Tell-troth*: ha, ha, ha.

Hold. Intruth, if he were not very faithful, we ſhould never away with his boldneſs.

Tub. Well ſaid, Captain *Holdforth*. But to the queſtion; how far may we proceed in drink?

Govern. As far as the innocent recreation of knocking one another down with Cuſhions come to; it is the exerciſe of our ſuperiour Officers.

Hold. I have obſerv'd, indeed, they do three things together: they drink, then practiſe Pulpit-faces,

Tell. (To cheat the people with.

Tub. Ha, ha, ha: in truth you hit ſo home.)

Hold. And the third is throwing of Cuſhions. The practiſing

and diſſembling of holy looks, is of great uſe and deſign.

Tub. And drinking, and throwing Cuſhions, a great refreſhing to the body.

Govern. As for Example. [*Throws a Cuſhion.*

Hold. Ha, ha, ha. I have ſeen our Grandee throw a Cuſhion at the man with the great Thumb, and ſay, Colonel, wilt thou be a Cobler again? [*Throws a Cuſhion.*

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Tub. Come, here's to you, Governour, you Colonel *Goldſmith*, with a conſcience as dirty as a Black-ſmith: will you ſell Thimbles again? [*Throws a Cuſhion.*

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Hold. Noble Colonel, wilt thou brew Ale again? [*Throws*, &c. What an everlaſting cheat is Reformation and falſe Doctrine! It has rais'd us from Coblers to Commanders.

Tub. There is no other way to raiſe Rebellion, but by Religion.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Govern. I never knew the uſe of Religion before.

Tub. The women tickle like Trouts at it: ha, ha, ha. [*All laugh.*

Tell. I believe the Country will find it ſo. For I hear of twenty wenches with child.

Govern. Intruth, I wonder at the witchcraft of it; for notwithſtanding the people have been bit through the chine-bone with it, yet for all that, before the old wound is heal'd, they are ready to run after the Lanthorn of new lights again: ha, ha, ha.

Tell. Well, Sirs, ſince you are in ſuch an ingenious way of confeſſing, tell me one thing, do not you wiſh your Garriſon a fire, ſo you were at home, with all the wealth you've got?

Tub. Thought's free; but talk no more of that: theſe are both treacherous Rogues, I dare not truſt 'em.

Tell. Well, you are merry, Sirs; but faith be plain, Sirs: what ſays my ſeeming Saint that drinks by the conſcience? Doſt not wiſh thy ſelf at home, wallowing in thy plunder?

Hold.

Hold. You might find a better name for it. Hark in your ear: we are all ſuch treacherous Rogues, we dare not truſt one another: but we'l talk in private.

Govern. But our Contribution-women will come in anon.

Hold. Ha, ha, ha: intruth, they edifie as one would have 'em.

Tell. Well, now you ought to be ſerious, and conſider the enemies approaching.

Tub. Intruth a good occaſion to fetch in all the Goods and Chattels of the Country, upon pretence of ſecuring them, and ſo make conditions with the enemy to march away with them. I ſee we ſhall be raſcals to the laſt gaſp.

Hold. And ſo we ſhall have proviſions for a long Siege.

Govern. I'l make your Siege ſhort enough.

[*Exit Governour and one Captain.*

Tub. You are faithful; they are Rogues: Read that, and tell me whether you will undertake or no.

[*Gives* Tell-troth *a Letter, & exit.*

Tell. How! very good. Is't poſſible! This is a greater Rogue in his own nature than the Devils invention can make him: he would not only betray his truſt, but deliver up all the reſt of the Garriſon to mercy; conditionally that he may have all their wealth, and ſafe convoy to his own houſe. I need lay no Plot, 'tis done to my hand. I love the King well; yet my own ends are mingled, becauſe I have a Miſtreſs among 'em, and cannot have her but by ſerving the King: and I believe moſt men have their reaſons for their Loyalty as well as I; ſo that, good King, whereſoe'er you ſee me, truſt to your ſelf. Yet I will do ſomething. What if I betray'd this Rogue, and his Letter, to the Governour to ſecure my ſelf? but then, if they have a mind to deliver up the Garriſon, 'twill make 'em ſhie of me, I find I have a hard task on't.

Enter Governour.

Govern. O, *Tell-troth*, I came to ask thee a queſtion; and what think'ſt thou?

Tell. Troth, I know not.

Govern. To know whether thou lov'ſt me truely, or no.

Tell. If you be ſerious, I could be angry with you, for raiſing ſuch a doubt: to ſhew you that I love you (I do not ſay your Cauſe, but you) read there; look you, one of your Captain Rogues gave me that Letter, and the other gave me a whiſper to the ſame purpoſe too.

Govern. Is't poſſible! What's to be done with theſe villains?

Tell. Something muſt be done, they'l betray you elſe.

Govern. I thank thy honeſty, I find it ſo.

Tell. Shall I ſpeak boldly? ſerve 'em in their own kind.

Govern. Introth, I had it in my head before to betray 'em, for the Rogues are rich.

Tell. Come, let not you and I be ſhie of one another, do it yet.

Govern. Art thou in earneſt?

Tell. By my life; and I will put you in a way too.

Govern. Let's in, and conſider how: had we beſt ſecure 'em.

Tell. No: firſt command their two Companies out, then draw 'em into ſeveral parties, and then with your own Company diſarm 'em, and ſo clap them up and their Officers; then ſhew 'em the reaſon (this Letter:) when that's done, ſend the Letter to the Parliament, and write how you have ſecur'd 'em: which will ſo ingratiate you with them, that you'l never be ſuſpected for betraying on't your ſelf.

Govern. My worthy friend, ſhall I fall on my knees and worſhip thee?

Tell. Let's be wiſe, and about our buſineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cornet and two Troopers.

Cor. Where have you been, Sirs?

1 *Troop.* Why, we have been to take *Flea-flint*: my Captain is reſolv'd to hang him.

Cor. For what?

2 *Troop.* For plundring, and ſo forth; but the Rogue has intelligence of it, and is gone: but he is in as bad a caſe as *Raggon*; for we muſt ſend Huy and Cry after him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Raggou.

Rag. Ah, *Jan povera de moy:* my Arſe can no carry me from de danger of de hang a de moy; and yet me have ſpur two ſuch great hole in his rib, dat you may creep quite trow him. Me muſt go change mine coat, and mine hat, begar, me ſall be known by dat. Vat come here now?

Enter French-man with a Shew.

What, come?

French. Come, who ſee my fine ſhite? my rare ſhite, who ſee my fine ſhite? my rare ſhite.

Rag. Monſieur, where you go wid your ſhite?

French. To de *Briſtol* Fair, Monſieur.

Rag. Dis French-man look as if he will be hang, begar, me vill put a de ſheat of de hang upon him. Monſieur, Begar me have de very fine ſhite too, and it vill come de *Briſtol* Fair too: it be de great vonder of de varle, it be de great fat Dromadory; you hear of dat?

French. Wee, wee: all de varle know de fat Dromadory.

Rag. Begar, you and me vill joyn partiner in de Fayr: becauſe you be my Country-man.

French. I, Monſieur, and tank you too.

Rag. We vill give out in de Bill of de two famous Frenchman: one inventra de ſhew of all Trade, and de oder make a de invent of de fat Dromadory.

French. Monſieur, wid all my heart.

Rag. Vera good: you ſall go take a de beſt Houſe in de Town: dere be two piece, two *Jacoby* for you; get ſome vera good dinner. You ſhall take a my coat and de hat, and leave your ſhew wid me, for my waggon will come wid my Dromadory preſan.

French. I had good luck to light o' this French-man. [*Aſide.*

Rag. Begar, me have betra luck to light o' dis Frenchman. So, help me wid your waſt-coat: vera good. So, now make all de haſte in de varle. Adieu, adieu. [*Exit French-man.*

So, now, begar, me be very ſafe: but how de devil ſall me ſhew mine ſhite? Begar, me forget to ask vat language all de

Puppet

Puppet in de ſhew ſpeak. *Parla Francois Monſieur Puppey? Owieda.* A ha! very good.

Enter Conſtables.

1 *Conſt.* Sure we ſhall catch this fellow at laſt; for we hear of him every where.

2 *Conſt.* I, his two ſleeves ſtuff'd, and his French Hat edged with Ribbons will diſcover him.

Rag. Diable, dere be de Conſtable and Mr. Huy-Cry come to catch a me.--- Who ſee my ſhite, my rare ſhite, my fine ſhite? Begar, me ſall ſhite my ſelf indeed.

1 *Conſt.* What a pox does he mean?

2 *Conſt.* He would have you ſee his ſhew.

1 *Conſt.* Come, faith let us. You fellow, come, let's ſee your ſhew.

Rag. How ſall me do now? begar, me muſt ſhew it as well as me can.

2 *Conſt.* Sirrah, did not you ſee a French-man paſs by?

Rag. Frenchman? Vat have he upon him?

1 *Conſt.* Why, he has a greaſie coat with the ſleeves ſtuff'd out.

Rag. A pox take him, begar he rob me juſt now of two piece, all me have in de varle, dat make a me cry.

2 *Conſt.* O Rogue, Raſcal! alas to day! give him a Crown, Church-warden, we are at the Pariſh charge.

1 *Conſt.* Come, do not cry, poor fellow: let's ſee thy ſhite; there's a crown for thee.

Rag. A Gad bleſs you. Here be de brave ſhite of de varle: here be de King of *Spain* play on de Bag-pipe to his Privy-Council. Dat's a very good jeſt. Den dere be de King of *Solomon*, he give judgement upon de viſe ſhild. Dere is de firſt Act. Now put on your hat, and look upon all de Lady.

Jam more cum povera bla cum povera, [Plays and ſings.
Jam, Jam, Jam, Jam Tomba nette,
Jam Jang Tombe nette equbla.

Now here be de Queen of *Swiveland*, ſhe ſit in great Majeſty: her

her leg hang over de chair, vera full of temptation, make your chops watra. Vera good jeaſt. Den dere be de whore of *Babylon*, ſhe make great love to de May-pole in de *Stran*. Second Act.

Jam more cum povera, &c. [Plays and ſings.

Dere be de King of *Denmarks* and *Norvay*, learning to juggle of de Biſhop of *Munſera*. Dat's a vera good jeſt. Dere be de ſilent Miniſtra, he make a de long preach in de Play-houſe. Dere is tre Act: dat is all.

2 *Conſt.* I thought your Plays had always had five Acts.

Rag. Dey be de great Puppet have five Act; de little Puppet have but tre. Vill you go catch dis dam dog for me, and get a my money for me agen, my two *Jacoby?* Begar, me be undone, if you no catch dis dam dog for me.

1 *Conſt.* We'l away: we'l have him I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Rag. Begar, me be very fine ſheat, if it vill hold out. But hold a; vat if dey catch my Coat? Begar, den dey vill hang a my Coat: but dam dog vill confeſs me have his Shew den; begar, me ſall be hang wid mine Coat. Begar me vill put away mine Shew.

Enter Flea-flint, *with Huy and Cry after him.*

Who de Devil is dat?

Flea. A pox on't, I muſt be robbing alone, and without my Lieutenants advice! I muſt be careful, or ſuffer for it. The Rogues follow me with Huy and Cry; I am not able to go further, I muſt change my cloaths. How now? what fellow's this? 'Sheart, would I could perſwade him outof his Shew, and take my Cloak for it.

Rag. Begar, would me could perſwade him to take my Shew, and give me de Cloak for dat.

Flea. Come hither, honeſt fellow.

Rag. Devil, it is *Flea-flint.* Ah me be *povera demoy*, begar, me be half hang already. Me vill no ſpeak French begar, den he vill know me: me vill belch Dutch at him. *Tam min heer.*

Flea.

Flea. Come hither honeſt man: what's that, a Shew?

Rag. Taw min heer. Begar me vill ſlit my mouth from one ear to de odra, to ſpeak good Dutch; and den, when me ſpeak French, begar me vill ſew it up again: dere's a vera good trick to ſave a my life.

Flea. Fellow, wilt thou ſell thy Shew?

Rag. Taw min heer. Begar, dis Dutch make me vera ſick. Look! begar, every time me cry, *Taw min heer*, dere come up a pickle Herring with it. *Taw*, look dere it go.

Flea. Art thou a Dutchman?

Rag. Taw verathticke.

Flea. Where hab you de neder Lands go Weſton?

Rag. Diable, vat ſall me ſay? Begar me have no more Dutch.

Flea. Hab you de neder Lands go weſt Lanceman?

Rag. Ick haben de Hoigh Dutch Lander goe weſton Lanceman.

Flea. Nay, it may be what Dutch it will, for I can ſpeak no more.

Rag. Ick maken weel vander ſlapan can Helder Hought.

Flea. But wilt thou ſell thy Shew?

Rag. Taw, Taw, ick vill van hundred Gilder haben.

Flea. That's ten pound; that's too much. I would I had it at any rate.

Rag. Begar, never fear, you ſall have it.

Flea. Wilt thou take five pound?

Rag. Neave ick: ick maken de Shew my ſelf, and ick maken dat better as dis, and dat's better as dat, and dat's better as all begott.

Flea. I hear 'em coming: here's ten pound for thee, and I'll give thee my Cloak to boot and Hat.

Rag. Dere be my Shew and my Cap; me tank you Lanceman. So, dis dam Rogue never do no good in all his life before; and me hope, begar, he vill be hang for dat. [*Exit.*

Flea. Now, what ſhall I do with this Shew; for I cannot ſhew it? why, if any body would ſee it, I muſt ſay it's lock'd up; the key is gone before to *Briſtol* Fayr; that's all I have for't.

Enter

Enter Conſtables looking for Flea-flint.

4 *Conſt.* Come, Sirs, we ſhall have him at laſt.

3 *Conſt.* Stay, Sirs: what fellow's this? who are you, Sir?

Flea. A poor man, Maſter, going with my Shew to the Fayr, to get a peny, and a Rogue has rob'd me of all I have, almoſt ten pound.

4. *Conſt.* O damn'd Rogue! Had he not a gray Cloak and Hat.

Flea. I, (wicked villain) the ſame, Maſter.

3 *Conſt.* It's the ſame Rogue we are looking for, we ſhall have him i'th' Fayr, I warrant you. Let's away.

[*Exeunt Conſtables.*

Flea. This rogue thinks himſelf ſo ſafe now, and he'l be hang'd ſure enough if they catch him.

Enter the firſt Conſtables with him that had Raggou's *Cloaths.*

1 *Conſt.* Look you, there's the notorious Rogue with the Shew: take him.

Flea. What would you have with me, Gentlemen?

French. Begar, me vill have my Shew from you.

Flea. Pox take you and your Shew; a damn'd Rogue that had it, has rob me of ten pound, and my Hat and Cloak.

1 *Conſt.* Come, theſe are both Rogues: bring 'em away.

1 *Watch.* Hold, it will do us no good to have them hang'd, what if we plunder them as they uſe to do us.

Conſt. 'Tis a very good motion, do you hear, we are to ask you a queſtion, will you be hang'd, or be plunder'd?

Flea. I'l be hang'd before I part with my money.

2 *Watch.* Then let's hang him, we can take his money when he is dead.

Con. Then do you hang him.

[*Enter Bumpkin paſſing over the Stage.*

1 *Watch.* Not I, I know not how to hang him.

2 *Watch.* Troth hang him your ſelf, if you'l have him hang'd.

Conſt. Doſt here brother Bumpkin? I'l give thee an Angel, and hang this fellow. [*Conſtable calls to the Bumpkin.*

Bumpk. It is not worth while for one, but I'l take Angels a piece to hang you all.

Conſt. Hang you raskal, come there fall on boys, and plunder him. [*Plunder* Flea-flint.

Flea. Pray you, Gentlemen, give me ſome money again to bear my charges home.

Conſt. There's a Crown for thee, and farewel.

[*Exeunt all but Bumpkin.*

Bumpk. Hey day! this will prove a very wonder,
That Bumpkin ſhould a Souldier plunder.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Enter a Joyner, Servent, and a Painter at one door, and Raggou *at another.*

Serv. JOyner, make haſte, and ſet your t'other Poſt up; and Painter, fetch your Colours, your Pots and Pipkins, and paint this Poſt in the mean time: it muſt be diſpatch'd before the people are ſtirring.

Paint. My things are all ready, Sir, at the next houſe: we can ſcarce ſee to work yet.

Serv. And be hang'd then go get ſome Ale to clear your eye-ſight; I'l warrant you'l ſee the bottom of the Pot well enough without day-light.

Joyn. Make what haſt you can, I'l bring my Poſt as ſoon as you'l be ready to paint it. [*Exit.*

Paint. I'd laugh at that, i'faith. But friend, what noiſe was this all night? I think the Watch was ſearching for ſomebody.

Serv. I, I; hark, you may hear 'em ſearching ſtill. Why, it ſeems 'tis a kind of out-landiſh French-man that they look for: he has a gray Hat, and a gray Cloak; but come, let us mind

mind our business, and make haste. [*Exeunt.*

Rag. Dat be me: dey slandra a moy, me be no out-landish French-man, begar me be a French French-man: Hark, dey come: vat sall me do? Begar, me vill stand for de odra Post till de dam Bumpkin be gone; a pox take 'em, de devel could not Huy and Cry me so close. How sall me do to be like a dat Post? Hark, dey come now.

Raggou *gets upon the Post, and sits in the posture of the other Post.*

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Pox o' this out-landish French-fellow for me; I'm as dry as a Dog.

1 *Watch.* So we are all: let's go and knock 'em up at an Ale-house, and eat and drink a little.

2 *Watch.* With all our hearts.

Enter Painter.

Honest Painter, canst tell where we may have a little Ale?

Paint. I, sure, two or three doors off you'l find 'em up, and a good fire, where you may toast your noses, Boys.

Const. Thou did'st not see an out-landish French-man this way?

Paint. No, I saw no French-man. [*Exeunt Constables & Watch.* Why, what a Devil, this Joyner has been here, and set up his Post, before I came: how time slips away at an Ale-house!

Rag. Begar, wou'd a good rope wou'd slip away you too.

Paint. Now to work. [*Whistles, and paints him.*

Rag. He vill paint a me; vat sall me do?

As he stoops, Raggou *throws a stone at him.*

Paint. A pox o' these roguing Prentices. Sirrah, I'l have you by the ears: a company of Rogues, a man cannot work for you! If you serve me such another trick, I'l break all your Windows.

Rag. De pox break all your neck.

[*Throws the Pipkin at him as he stoops.*

Paint. Why, you damn'd Rogue, you have broke my head: 'Sheart, I'l complain to your Master. Spoil'd all my Colours too! I'l not endure it: I'l be reveng'd, whatsoe'er it cost me. [*Exit.*

Rag. A pox dis Rogue; he murder mine face wid his dam paint. Now de coaſt be clear, me vill take a de Coat of Monſieur *Jack* Painter and go; for begar dere be no ſtay in dis Town for moy.

Enter Joyner with his Poſt.

Hark, dere be ſometing: me muſt be de Poſt agen. A pox on dat. [*He ſtands up for a Poſt again.*

Joyn. Why, how now? what a devil, another poſt, and none of my work? 'Sheart, do you employ two men at once? I'l not be us'd thus; I'l be paid for my work, and then let the devil ſet up your Poſts. [*Exit.*

Rag. So, now begar, me vill take de Coat of de *Jack* Paintra, and de Poſt of de *Jack* Joyner, den no man vill ſuſpect a moy. [*Offers to lift the Poſt.*

Diable, it is too much heavy for moy; begar me betra be hang den have all dis dam Joyner ſit upon me. Diable, and vould me vere in bed wid all de King of *France* Army, begar me vou'd fain ſee vat dam Engliſh Bumpkin, Mr. Huy-Cry come fetch me from dem. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant, Painter and Joyner.

Serv. Why, what a fooliſh fellow art thou to be ſo angry? I employ'd no Joyner but thy ſelf.

Joyn. 'Sheart, there was two carv'd Poſts up, and I'm ſure I brought the third.

Serv. Thou art mad, and ſo is this fool too, to complain of throwing ſtones at thee, when we have ne'er a Prentice, nor none within ſix doors of us.

Paint. I'm ſure my Pipkin's broke, and my head too: pray look here.

Serv. Why, what's here? here's a broken Pipkin indeed, but where's the three carv'd Poſts?

Joyn. There was two ſtood up when I came to the Houſe, and I ſet the third down here. Ounes, my Poſt and my Tools and all's gone.

Serv. I believe you are both drunk.

Paint. Heart man, I painted the Poſt that ſtood there.

Joyn.

Joyn. Well, and heart man, I brought the t'other, an' you call it heart man, and all's gone you see.

Serv. My Masters, go look after your things, and make an end of your work.

Paint. Let's go search for this fellow that stole our goods here.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tell-troth *and* Dol.

Tell. O *Dol*, d'ye hear, put her off till your friend come as before you pretended, and say you'l marry when the Garrison is deliver'd up.

Dol. The Lieutenant and Cornet are very eager to have it dispatch'd, that they may have the money I promis'd, and then they are resolv'd to laugh me to death.

Tell. Well, but you know it will be our turn to laugh at them, if all be right you have told me.

Dol. Upon my life I have been faithful in all points, and I find I shall take pride in doing good, since I have prosper'd so well in serving you.

Tell. Your reward shall answer your service. I must to the Captain, and give him an account of all I undertook, which will meet his expectation.

Dol. Let me alone to manage my undertakings.

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Tell. Here's the Captain; be you gone therefore: I would not be seen with you, till I make him acquainted with every thing.

[*Exit cum Doro.*

Lieut. But pray, Sir, why are you thus severe now, to banish the Flint-fleyers?

Capt. The Kings Honour and Interest is so abus'd with these scandalous fellows, that I'm resolv'd to cashier 'em.

Enter Tell-troth.

Oh, friend *Tell-troth!* look you Lieutenant, my opinion seldom fails me.

Tell. So, you had some dispute then concerning me. Look you, Sir, it's now in my power to do more than e'er I hop'd for: you have a Foot Company?

Cap. Yes; they are now ma

nant, see they march fair, and do no wrong. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

Tell. Read that: upon my life there is but three Companies, and two of 'em are disarm'd, and Prisoners, Officers and all. I laid no plot to do it, I found 'em all ready to betray one another to get the wealth; the manner how, hereafter. The Governour has commission'd me to make his Conditions; which must be a Convoy, with all his wealth, to his own home. The Country bring in their plate and goods to secure 'em from your party, and he'l make conditions with you to march away with 'em, and so cheat the people: (precious Rogues!) besides what they preach the women out of.

Capt. That must not be; for the King has Intelligence that they have great Treasure there.

Tell. Does he know how they came by it?

Capt. Yes, very well; with the cheat of preaching (I mean Tub-preaching, and Lectures.) The Lectures your wives read you, never aw'd you so.

Tell. But faith, Sir, give him his Conditions.

Capt. I'l storm it first.

Tell. I intend not to have you keep Conditions when you have made 'em.

Capt. That's base; I scorn that: my Honour is at stake.

Tell. What, for breaking Articles with a Rebel? Had it been a fair enemy, I grant you. Suppose you storm it, and be beaten off? the King would give you little thanks for the punctillio of your own private honour. Let your Lieutenant do it; the Captain may with his Honour break the Conditions that his Lieutenant makes.

Capt. I may approve of that; I would not have my own hand appear against me. But I am glad to see you thus earnest for the King: sure you have some design.

Tell. By my troth I have; but so small a one, it is not worth this labour: you shall know it, for you must assist me.

Capt. With all faithfulness.

Tell. Come then, let's sign Articles. So, march, and take possession. [*Exeunt.*

Paint. Heart man, I painted

Enter

Enter Raggou *like an old woman.*

Rag. Me vill make a me noſe of wax, like de old woman, and vill go to Madam *Dol*, and tell her me come from Monſieur *Raggou*. Vera good. And if ſhe vill beg his pardon of de Capitain, he vill come and marry her, although her ſhild be born wid a ſhart and back and breſt too; for begar me find in mine conſcience me had betra marry a dam whore, dan be hang. [*Exit.*

Enter Tell-troth, *Captain, Lieutenant, Cornet, &c. with the Governeur Priſoner.*

Tell. Now, Sir, are you ſatisfi'd in my faith?

Capt. I am ſo; and I have found you a worthy perſon: command me to any thing.

Tell. Then I'l make you merry till I go about my deſign. Captain *Tub-teeth*, that got the two Siſters with child, is now in bed with them eating a Sack poſſet; and, that we may both ſhame and fright 'em, there are Beats i'th' Town, and other Shows that are going to *Briſtol* Fayr; now I'l ſpeak to the Bearward to muzzle a Bear, and turn him looſe into the room, and I'l bring you where you ſhall ſee the ſights.

Capt. Content, for I am a great lover of ſports: let not the Shews go away, for I mean to celebrate *Dol*'s wedding.

Lieut. That's kindly done. You'l need no other ſport than to ſee *Dol* rant and tear when ſhe finds ſhe has married a Girl.

Capt. But the ſport will be, when you and the Cornet receive your fifty pound a piece you told me of.

Lieut. Yes, faith; we ſhall have it ſure enough.

Capt. Yes, for 'tis depoſited in my hands.

Cor. Never was jade ſo deeply in love! but the jeſt is the Girl has made conditions with *Dol*, to put on a Maſque when ſhe is marrying; for her face is ſo bad ſhe cannot away with it.

Capt. Give all the Troop favours; let 'em diſpatch, and bring them in to the bayting of the Sack-poſſet, and let the Country be ſummon'd in. [*Exeunt.*

Tub-

Tub-text *and his Sisters are discover'd in bed, eating a Sack-posset: Enter Captain, Lieutenant, Cornet, Ferret-farm, above.*

Tub. Here is this spoonful in remembrance of our sweet Sisters precious fruit she goes with.

[*He puts a spoonful in each of their mouths.*

1 *Sister.* My tender, and most shame-fac'd thanks be return'd you.

Tub. Now here is to the Maiden-fruits of this our weeping-Sister. Wipe your tears; if they were Cavaliering burthens you went with, your case were mournful; but as they are my off-spring, repent not; for your Infants (be assured) will be Babes of Grace.

Capt. What a damn'd Rogue is this!

1 *Sister.* Why then, it seems, we religious Lambs may play with one another, without sinning?

Capt. Was ever such blasphemous Rogues and Whores! I tremble to hear 'em! Let in the Bear upon 'em.

1 *Sister.* Here is to this our sweet comforting man.

2 *Sister.* I am over-joy'd to hear that religious Lambs may play, and yet not sin.

[*Put their Spoons in his mouth.*

Enter Bear.

Tub. What's here, a Bear? mercy upon us!

All. Help, help, help, help.

Tub. Shift for your selves, sweet Sisters.

Capt. Now Bear, now Saint.

Lieut. Halloo Saint, halloo Bear: I'l hold a——

Cor. Hundred pound of the Bear: thou Boy Bear.

Lieut. A hundred pound of the Saint. So, now take off your Bear.

Ferret. By my faith, we must stave and tail him off for ought I see, Captain. I have been at many a Bear-bayting, but never at a Saint-bear-bayting before.

[*Exit Bear*, &c.

Capt. Now, Sir; is your name *Tub-text?*

Tub. Yea.

Capt. And do you think your two Whores are with child with two babes of grace?

Tub.

Tub. Yea, foul mouth.

Capt. What an audacious Rogue is this! And doſt thou really believe thy ſelf in ſuch a degree of perfection, that thou canſt not ſin, and ſo, need no repentance?

Tub. Yea, ſure, we are paſt repentance.

Capt. Thou damn'd villain, I believe thee. Blaſphemous Rogue! how many poor ſouls haſt thou deluded? Sirrah, it were juſt to make thee marry theſe two women, and then hang thee for having two wives.

Enter Ferret-farm.

Ferret. Sir, our wedding folks are coming, and are ſo merry, and ſo pleas'd; that, if their joy continue, the Example will make us all marry.

Enter Biddy *as Bridegroom*, Tell-troth *in her hand dreſs'd in* Dol's *cloaths, and* Dol *in other cloaths, and* Raggou *dreſſed like an old woman with a Muffler.*

Look you, here they are, pleas'd as you ſee.

Dol. Now ſtand you here till I beg your pardon of my Captain.

Bid. By your leave, Captain, I have made bold to eſpouſe your old hand-maid *Dol*; and give us leave to laugh; for faith my Lieutenant and Cornet has cheated her, Captain, for they have match'd her to a Girl: I am a very Girl, and yet I have not wrong'd you, for I told you before I could not get your children.

Tell. And we laugh, to think how we have cheated you; for though you cannot get my children, if I can get yours, we ſhall do well enough.

Bid. O Lord, what's that? that is not *Dol*'s voice.

Dol. Y'are i'th' right; it is not *Dol*'s voice, nor *Dol* that has marry'd you (keep the money, Captain) but your old love *Tell-troth*. Pray have your money, Lieutenant, before you laugh me to death.

Bid. What, my old Lover *Tell-troth!*

Tell. Now the laugh is on our ſide, Gentlemen. Come, be not troubled, for I am the ſame honeſt lover Lover that e'er I was.

Bid. Nay, I'l ſwear thou deſerv'ſt me, thou art a deſperate lover to venture on a wench that has troop'd ſo long under ſuch a handſome Cornet: but he's a fool too; for if he had follow'd his blow cloſe at one time, he had had all that I could have given him.

Tell. I had ſpies upon you, and am well aſſur'd of your honeſty. Ask *Dal.*

Dol. Yes, faith, I watch'd your water at every turn. Do you remember he would have gone o'th' ſcore for your Maidenhead? but you cry'd 'twas worth ready money at any time; but marry me, and then halloo Dog for thy Silver Coller. You remember this?

Bid. I, to my ſhame I do.

Tell. What, are you aſham'd that you are honeſt?

Bid. No, but I'm aſham'd that I loſt ſo much time; for I'm ſure thou wouldſt ha' had me honeſt or not honeſt.

Tell. Come, be not troubled, I paſs by all.

Bid. I love thee for thy confidence, give me thy hand, by my life I'm very honeſt; but I have had as much a do to keep my ſelf ſo, as ever poor wench i'th' world had.

Cor. But I hope, *Biddy*, you and I ſhall not loſe our acquaintance?

Bid. If my husband will have it ſo, I cannot help it. But I hope he has more wit than ever to let me ſee you again: if you have not, husband, in good faith, at your own peril.

Tell. I'll have wit enough; fear not.

Enter Ferret-farm.

Ferret. Sir, here's the Country-Gentlemen come.

Capt. Pray let 'em come in.

Enter Country-Gentlemen.

Gentlemen, 'tis not unknown how publickly you have appear'd againſt your Prince; and how ſecure you thought your ſelves under the protection of theſe Hypocrites: but to ſhew you what rogues they are; all the wealth that you brought hither to be ſecur'd from us, they would have made conditions to have march'd away with, and ſo cheated the whole Country. Look you, there's their Articles: there's Reformation for you.

2 *Gen.* We are deceiv'd indeed in them; to have us'd us thus!

Capt. You must own, Gentlemen, that all the wealth, that's here, is justly forfeited to the King.

2 *Gent.* We grant it, worthy Captain, and our lives to boot.

Capt. Although the wealth that's here be great, and the Kings wants require it; yet, to shew that he had rather have his subjects hearts than money, he has Commission'd me to return every man his own again.

1 *Gent.* Sir, this gratious act of the King, and your readiness to perform it, shall turn us all faithful subjects to the extent of our lives and fortunes.

Capt. Now you deserve his mercy.

Dol. Sir, will you grant me a request? Poor *Raggon* has sent me word, if I can beg his pardon of you, he'l marry me.

Capt. Dol, you have been instrumental to our friend *Telltroth*; I must grant you any thing.

Dol. Then pray, Sir, let's make a little sport with him: who do you think that old woman is?

Capt. I know not.

Dol. 'Tis *Raggon* himself. Pray fright him a little before you seal his pardon.

Capt. What a Devil has he done to his face?

Dol. I know not; I believe he has clap'd wax upon't.

Capt. Now, good woman, what would'st thou have?

Rag. Me come in de crowd, in hope to see a Souldier hang: it wou'd be great satisfaction to de Country, truly.

Capt. Well, good woman, where dost thou dwell?

Rag. Begar me have no dwell: vat sall me say to him? I live at *Bristol* Towns end, an't please your worship.

Capt. But, woman, if thou would'st tell me where to find a plundring French-man, call'd *Raggon*, the Country should hang him with all my heart; for that's a notorious rogue, and he shall be hang'd if he live above ground.

Rag. Begar he serve a me vera well to hang me: vat a Devil

make a me come here? dis be my vit: a pox on mine French wit. [*aside.*

Capt. Woman, find out that Raſcal for me, here is ten ſhillings in earneſt, and when thou takeſt him, I'l make it ten pound.

Rag. But will your worſhip ſecure me that I ſhall have no harm if I find him?

Capt. I upon my honour, before all this Company, thou ſhalt have no harm.

Rag. Bear witneſs, gentlemen; now give me ten pound: for begar me be de man, me be Monſieur *Raggou.*

All. How! Monſieur *Raggou!*

Rag. Wie maſoy, ha, ha; me have ſheat a my Capitain of ten pound, and ſave a my life too; dere be de French vit! Begar me honour my vit very much for dat.

Capt. Call the Marſhal. Take him and hang him upon the next tree.

Rag. Hang a moy! did not you before vitneſs engage your honour dat me ſall have no harm? Begar you vill do me great deal wrong, if you hang me now.

Capt. I promis'd, indeed, that the old woman ſhould have no harm; but *Raggou* ſhall certainly be hang'd.

Rag. A ha! dere be a dam Engliſh trick vill hang a Frenchman. But hold, hold: if you hang *Raggou*, how can you ſave de old woman? Dere be Law caſe for you! Let me have fair play for my life.

Capt. Take the old womans garments and lay them up ſafe, and then they have no harm; then my honour is clear, and here is *Raggou* fairly to be hang'd.

Marſh. Come, come away; 'tis a plain caſe, you muſt hang for't.

Dol. Why were you ſuch a fool as to come hither?

Rag. For love of you, you dam whore you.

Dol. Why would you betray your ſelf for ten pound?

Rag. Dat be my cunning; de hangman ſall have de ten pound becauſe he ſall no hurt a me when he hang me. But, Capitain, begar you can no hang me in juſtice; for de old woman

man is *Raggou*, and *Raggou* is de old woman, and de Devil can no part us: ſo if you hang *Raggou*, you hang de old woman, and you hang your own honour too, begar.

Capt. Well, Sir, you have pleaded ſo well for your ſelf, that conditionally you will marry *Dol*, I'l pardon you.

Rag. If you tink it better to marry den to be hang, Captain, me leave all to your judgement.

Capt. Why, then marry her.

Rag. But who ſall keep de ſhild?

Capt. The Troop ſhall keep it.

Rag. Why may not de Troop as vell marry her, and me vill make one? dat's very fair me tinks.

Capt. Nay, you may be hang'd yet if you will.

[*He takes the woman in one hand, and the halter in the other.*

Rag. Let a me ſee: here be whore, and here be halter; vera fine ſhoice begar! me can no tell which to ſhuſe; but me vill e'en ſtan to mine fortune, and croſs and piſe for it.

Capt. By my troth it ſhall be ſo, and take your choice; croſs or pile?

Lieut. Why, croſs he ſhall be hang'd, and pile he ſhall be married.

Rag. No, begar, it ſall be croſs if me be married, and pile if me be hang.

Lieut. Now it's an even lay whether this Farce be a Comedy or a Tragedy.

Cor. Come, Gentlemen, whore or halter for a wager?

Lieut. Whore for a wager.

Cor. Halter for a wager.

Rag. Hold, hold: vat if it be nedra croſs nor pile?

Capt. If it be neither croſs nor pile, thou ſhalt neither be married nor be hang'd, upon my Honour. Come, here is your fortune for you: i'faith, 'tis croſs, thou art to be married.

Rag. Den dere be your halter again, and me tank you.

Capt. Come, take your beloved wife, and ſtrike a match.

Rag. Den let her take me, and de Devil in hell give her good of me.

Capt. Then you have my pardon, and all is well.

Enter

Enter Ferret-farm.

Ferret. Sir, here are two of Queen *Elizabeths* Tilters, going to *Briſtol* Fayr, deſire to dance before you.

Capt. With all my heart: call 'em in.

A Dance of two hobby Horſes in Armour, and a Jigg.

You have done well: where's my man? give 'em half a piece; you have done prettily indeed. Lieutenant, caſhier the Flint-fleyers: as for theſe Hypocrites I'l keep them priſoners till the King diſpoſe of 'em, which will be but too mercifully I'm ſure.

Cor. I ſuppoſe, Governour, the Parliament will reward you with ſome Biſhops Lands for being ſo honourably pull'd by the ears out of your Garriſon.

Capt. Come, upbraid 'em not; I hate that. To morrow, Sirs, ſummon in the Country, and every man ſhall have his right.

All. God bleſs the King, and all his good Souldiers.

Capt. You ſee, Lieutenant, how with good uſage the people return to their Loyalty: I know you are a brave fellow; but you have been to blame in the Country, and that diſerves your Prince more than your courage can recompence.

Lieut. Sir, you ſhall never have occaſion to ſay this again.

Capt. I believe you: and I wiſh that the great Timber, the Pieces of State, that lye betwixt the King and Subjects,

I wiſh that they would take a hint from hence
To keep the peoples hearts cloſe to their Prince.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Prologues, and Epilogues, should something say
In order to th' excusing of a Play;
But things toth' purpose, being laid aside,
We shoot at random at least six bows wide;
Speaking of this or that, of Sea or Land,
Of any Matter but the thing in hand.
If men with such faults, Poets do Commence,
I may put in with my impertinence.
And though my dull Muse cannot make y'a feast,
I'd fain be thought a Poet at the least:
I find I am one, I can prove it plain,
Both by my empty Purse, and shallow Brain
I've other symptoms to confirm it too,
I've great, and self conceit, of all I do:
I have my little Cullies too i'th Town,
Both to admire my works, and lend a Crown.
My Poets day I morgage to some Citt,
At least six months before my Play is writ;
And on that day away your Poet runs,
Knowing full well, in sholes, come all his duns.
If these things make me not a perfect Poet,
He that has better Title let him shew it.

Some Plays printed for Thomas Dring.

THe Unfortunate Lovers.
The Amorous Prince: Or, Curious Husband.
Town-Shifts.
The Six Days Adventure.
Albumazer.
The Changeling.
Love and Honour.
School of Complements.

Acted at the Dukes Theatre.

Plays new Printed. 1672.

THe Dumb Lady: Or, Farrier made Physician.
The Rehearsal.
The Old Troop: Or, Monsieur *Raggou.*

Acted at the Theatre Royal.

FINIS.

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